

SEPTEMBER 15, 1922

No. 885

FAME AND

7 Cents

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

IN THE LUMBER TRADE

OR A WINNING SPECULATOR

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Now, boys, all together!" sang out the foreman, as he steadied the log with his gripper. "One more shove and it will hit the rock." The men shoved, the huge log swung into place and the boy was saved.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1922

Price 7 Cents

IN THE LUMBER TRADE

OR, A WINNING SPECULATOR

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Accusation.

"Joseph Jackson!" called Mr. Simcox, the principal of the Rockdale Institute, in a stern tone.

"Yes, sir," answered a sturdy, bright-faced boy, sitting in the center of the class-room occupied by perhaps fifty scholars of about his own age.

"Come forward, sir!" said Mr. Simcox severely. The lad obeyed the mandate.

"You are accused of paying my study a surreptitious visit during the night and desecrating the busts of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron with application of red and black paint."

A laugh, quickly suppressed, from the lower corner of the room, followed by a general snicker from the pupils, brought a flush of anger to the principal's sallow countenance.

"Silence!" he roared, glaring about the room.

The silence of the tomb settled upon the assemblage. Turning again to the lad who was the centre of attraction, Mr. Simcox said:

"Are you guilt—"

"Ouch!" came from the corner of the room.

Mr. Simcox darted a look in that direction.

"Did you make that noise, Tom Beaseley?" he demanded.

"No, sir," replied that youth promptly.

"Who did, then?"

"Silence!" roared the principal.

"Sir!"

"Stand up."

Beaseley stood up.

"Answer me, sir! Who made that sound?"

"Don't know, sir," replied the boy, with a very red face.

"I believe it was you."

"Didn't do nothin' sir," protested Beaseley.

"Didn't do nothing! What do you mean by using such an ungrammatical expression? What were you sent to this school for but to learn to speak correctly. If you did not make the sound you know who did it. Tell me this instant or I shall punish you severely."

"I couldn't tell you just who said it, sir."

"Go to your room, sir, and learn fifty lines from the tenth chapter of the History of the United States."

"Where shall I commence, sir?"

"From the beginning of the chapter."

Tom Beaseley left his desk and walked out of the room. It was he who had said "Ouch!" It had been wrung from him by the sharp point of a pin inserted in the end of a stick which had

been jabbed into his leg by a big, stoutish-looking boy named Phil Potts, who sat across from him in the last row of desks. Potts was the most unpopular boy in the school with everybody but Mr. Simcox. He toadied to the principal, ran errands for him, carried information reflecting on his schoolmates to him, and was guilty of other mean tricks, which Mr. Simcox construed as loyalty to his interests, and therefore rewarded Potts in various ways, and never took any notice of his shortcomings. Tom Beaseley might have confessed that he uttered the "Ouch!" and explained why he could not help doing so, but he was not a tale-bearer, and he didn't believe it would do much good, anyway. As he left the room he registered an intention of getting square with Potts.

"Now, sir," said the principal, returning to Joe Jackson, "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir," replied Joe, in a round full, square tone that carried no indication of guilt with it.

"Philip Potts!" said Mr. Simcox.

The sneak and toady shuffled his feet uneasily and slowly arose, looking decidedly uncomfortable.

"Did you see Jackson coming stealthily from my study at half-past eleven last night?"

"Yes, sir," replied Potts, in a low tone.

"You're a liar, Phil Potts!" shot from Joe's angry and indignant lips.

"Silence!" roared the principal. "How dare you interrupt the witness?"

"Because he uttered a rank falsehood," retorted Joe.

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Simcox.

"But I have the right to defend myself," protested Joe.

"Silence!" howled the principal, seizing a book and banging the desk with it.

Joe subsided.

"Now, Philip, you are sure the boy saw you coming from my room was Jackson?" said the principal. "Speak up. Don't be afraid."

Potts shuffled his feet and reluctantly opened his mouth to reply. At that moment a missile, in the shape of a dried pea, shot through the partly open window. It was propelled by a long, thin, tin tube, known by the name of a pea-shooter, and the motive power was provided by a deep breath emitted from the strong lungs of Tom Beaseley on the outside. The pea landed squarely in Phil's mouth, and he uttered a howl and began sputtering and gasping in a way that aroused a laugh

from the scholars near him. This unexpected exhibition astonished Mr. Simcox.

"What is the matter, Philip?" he asked in a mild tone.

At that point Phil succeeded in ejecting the pea. It flew with some velocity into the eye of the lad in front of him who had turned around to look at him.

"Here! What are you doing?" he demanded, rubbing his optic.

The boy at the next desk haw-hawed, for he thought it awfully funny.

"Moses Beach, leave the room, sir!" cried Mr. Simcox.

Beach was the boy who had laughed. Moses got up and disappeared.

"Wow!" howled Phil, at that juncture, for a second hard pea had struck him in the eye.

A snicker ran through the room.

"In the name of common sense, what is the matter with you, Philip?" demanded the principal.

"Somebody fired a pea in my mouth and another in my eye," said Potts.

A third pea whacked him on the nose, and he sprang away from his desk. As he did so he caught a fleeting glimpse of the grinning face of Tom Beaseley outside the window.

"Tom Beaseley did it with his pea-shooter," said Phil. "He's outside the window."

Mr. Simcox, taking the cue, rushed to the window nearest him, threw it up and caught Beaseley in the act of discharging his fourth shot.

"Beaseley!" he roared, "go to my study and wait there till I come."

With visions of a caning in prospect, Tom sneaked away in discomfiture. Order having been re-established, Phil Potts was directed to continue. He stated that the boy he had seen leaving the principal's study at so late an hour the night before was, in his opinion, Joe Jackson, though he admitted that he had not got a square look at him.

"How is it you were out of bed and sneaking around the hall at that hour?" asked Joe.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Simcox, who did not wish his witness cross-examined.

"Will you ask him yourself, sir?" said Joe.

The principal glared at Joe.

"I have no doubt he had a good reason for being in the corridor at the time," he said.

"But it's against your rules."

"You didn't pay much attention to my rules when you went to my study and committed that outrageous piece of business."

"I did not visit your study last night, nor at any other time except when you were there."

"Philip Potts saw you."

"He did not see me. If he says he did he lies. My word is as good as his any day."

And it was a great deal better in his own estimation, and in the estimation of the bulk of the scholars.

"That will do, Jackson. Sit down, Philip. Henry Marsh, stand up."

Marsh was Potts's particular crony, the only one he could count on as a friend. Whatever Potts asserted, Marsh was willing to swear to if called upon to do so. He was an insignificant-looking lad, with shifty eyes and a squeaky voice.

"Now, Marsh, were you with Potts last night in the corridor leading to my study about half past eleven?"

"Yes, sir," squeaked Marsh.

"Explain why you and Potts were downstairs at that hour when you should have been in your room."

"We heard a suspicious noise down in the corridor. It woke us up. Phil said he guessed burglars had got in, and he said it was our duty to go and see what caused the sounds, and if it was burglars we would go to your room and wake you up. When we got down to the bottom of the steps in the dark we saw a light shining under the study door. I said I guessed there was nothing wrong—that you were in there reading or writing. Phil said we ought to make a hole about it, and he told me to look through the keyhole. I did, and I saw Jackson standing at the table painting a couple of red moons on the back of one of your busts, and——"

"That's a lie!" cried Joe.

"Silence!" ejaculated the principal.

"He put a dab of red on the nose and made black lines on the throat and across the forehead," went on Marsh glibly.

"You are certain that the person who was painting the painting was Joseph Jackson?" said Mr. Simcox.

"Yes, sir. Anyway, I saw him coming out of the study afterward. That's the time Phil caught him."

"How could you see me or anybody else in the dark?" demanded Joe.

"You had a candle in your hand."

"Oh, I did?" said Joe. "I've always known you to be a little sneak, but I didn't think you were such a barefaced liar."

"I can prove it was you," retorted Marsh defiantly.

"Prove it, then."

"You took the meerschaum pipe belonging to Mr. Simcox away with you and carried it up to the room where you sleep with your bunch. I looked through the keyhole and saw you hide it behind your trunk. I'll bet it's there now."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Simcox. Then, turning to his assistant teacher, he said: "Mr. Jinx, go up to No. 11, look behind Jackson's trunk, and see if my pipe is there. I did not observe it had disappeared from my study."

Mr. Jinx, a hatchet-faced young man, a graduate of some college, who occupied the post of assistant instructor, left the room, and his turn was awaited with much interest by all in the room, particularly Joe, who was certain that if the pipe was found behind his trunk that it had been planted there by either Marsh or Potts, both of whom he knew hated him most cordially. He realized that the accusation was a plot set up by his two enemies to bring about his disgrace and have him severely punished. When he looked at Marsh he noticed a triumphant grin on that mean little face. The grin was also reflected in Potts's countenance. He was therefore prepared for the production of the pipe by Mr. Jinx. The assistant instructor was absent about five minutes.

"Well, Mr. Jinx, did you find the pipe?" asked Mr. Simcox.

"No, sir. There was no pipe behind Jackson's trunk," replied Mr. Jinx. The grin disappeared from the faces of Marsh and Potts, and they looked at each other in great comfiture.

CHAPTER II.—Sentenced to the Dark Cell.

Joe was perhaps as surprised as his two enemies. Mr. Jinx did not add the piece of information that he had found Tom Beaseley in the room when he should have been in the principal's study. Beaseley was one of the six—bunch, as Marsh called them—who slept in the room, consequently his presence there could not be regarded as suspicious. He had no business to be there when he had been ordered to the study, and Mr. Jinx considered that he fulfilled his duty by telling him he had better go there or his punishment was likely to be severer. Beaseley went, and the assistant instructor returned to the class-room. "So you didn't find the meerschauum pipe in—that is, behind Jackson's trunk?" said Mr. Simcox.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Jinx.

"Did you look well?"

"I did."

"Did you look anywhere else in the room for

"I gave a glance around, but I was specifically requested to look behind the trunk."

"What have you to say about that, Marsh?" asked the principal.

"Nothing, sir. He must have taken it from behind the trunk and put it in his trunk when he got up this morning," replied Marsh.

"You're at liberty to examine my trunk, Mr. Simcox," said Joe. "I'll hand you the key."

Joe's readiness to have his trunk examined was taken advantage of by the principal. He alleged that his pipe was not in the trunk, or Joe, guilty of taking it, wouldn't have made the error. He set considerable store by his pipe, and didn't want to lose it, but its temporary absence from his study was a side issue when compared with the havoc worked on his three valuable busts. The testimony adduced convinced him of Joe's guilt, and in addition to sending a bill for damages to Joe's uncle, who was a banker in the town of Clearhaven, he intended to administer indign punishment to the offender. Mr. Simcox entertained no particular ill-will against Joe, but the boy had come to the school handicapped with the reputation for mischief. He had been positively put out of two schools for raising high spirits generally, and Mr. Simcox had accepted him only on his promise to behave himself. Joe had kept his word to behave, though it was a difficult matter for him to keep straight, and Mr. Simcox was beginning to have hopes for him, and to take some himself on his ability to successfully handle a pupil who had proved too much for the heads of other schools, when to his anger and dismay the outrage on his precious busts was pulled off the night before. Give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him, is an old saying. Joe's reputation in the past at once caused him to be suspected, and suspicion soon became a certainty when Phil Potts called on Mr. Simcox and told him what he alleged he knew about the affair.

"We won't discuss the pipe now," said the principal. "You will go to my study and wait there till I come."

"Do you believe the statements of Potts and Marsh that I was in your study last night at a late hour, sir?" demanded Joe.

"I am obliged to accept their stories, for one corroborates the other."

"Then you must believe I am a downright liar, since I have positively denied having been anywhere near your study at the time mentioned. Furthermore, I deny all knowledge of the trick pulled off by somebody on your busts. I had no hand in the matter whatever," said Joe earnestly.

"The case is closed. Go directly to my study and await my coming."

"I object to being unfairly dealt with. You have condemned me on the statement of two boys who are enemies of mine, and who have deliberately lied to get me into trouble. I won't stand for any such deal as that."

"Good boy!" came from one of the scholars, but which one it was impossible to tell.

"Go to my study this instant, sir, do you hear?" roared the principal.

Joe saw it was useless to argue the case further. He was up against it, and all on account of Potts and Marsh.

"I'll make them regret what they've done," he muttered, and he left the class-room. "I'll give each of them the biggest whaling he ever had in his life. I'll compel them to own up that they lied about me, and my room-mates will help me do it if necessary. Those two scalawags are a disgrace to any school. I can't see how Simcox stands for them. I suppose it is because they act as spies for him. A real decent principal wouldn't tolerate spies. Well, if Simcox thinks I intend to meekly submit to be punished for an act I didn't do, he'll find out his mistake."

When Joe entered the principal's study he found his room-mate, Tom Beaseley, there looking out of the window which overlooked the garden. On the table on one side of the room stood the three disfigured busts. They were certainly decorated to the queen's taste. Shakespeare bore a scarlet red nose, a red moon on each cheek, vertical black stripes on his throat, and horizontal ones across his forehead. Milton had a full black beard as far as paint would make it, and three red crescents on his forehead. Byron's countenance was ornamented with all manner of strange red and black birds and beasts, crudely executed. Angry and disgusted as Joe felt at that moment, he couldn't help grinning when he looked at the decorated busts. Tom turned around when he heard the door open. He thought the comer was the principal.

"Hello, Joe. Have you been sent here, too?" he said.

"Yes. I've been found guilty on the perjured testimony of Potts and Marsh."

"Of daubing up those busts?"

"Yes."

"And you're innocent?"

"As a lamb."

"Who do you suppose performed the job?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"You can take it from me that it was either

Potts or Marsh, or both of them together. Then they laid the blame of it on you."

"I'll lay something on them at the first chance I get."

"I would. I'd knock the daylights out of them. I saved you from one thing, at any rate."

"What was that?"

"Taking old Simcox's meerscham. I was standing outside the class-room door listening to what was going on inside, curious to learn how the case against you was progressing, and I heard Marsh tell Simcox that you had taken his pipe to our room and hidden it behind your trunk. I made a bee-line upstairs for the room and looked behind the trunk, for I was sure that either Marsh or Potts had put it there to get you in bad with the principal. It was there all right, and I removed it. I was about to take it to the study here when Jinx suddenly came in and caught me in the room. He told me that as Simcox had ordered me to go to his study, I had better do so without delay. So I came right away. That's the meerscham on Simcox's desk."

"Thanks, old chap," said Joe. "You've shown Marsh up as a liar on one count, but Simcox didn't call him down for it. Those sneaks have a pull with him, and their word goes further with him than any one else's. Some day, however, they'll get all that's coming to them, and it will be a heavy dose, believe me."

"So Simcox has pronounced you guilty of monkeying with the busts?"

"Yes."

"And sent you here to receive your sentence?"

"There's little doubt about that."

"And I'm in for a heavy lay-out, too. Simcox caught me operating the pea-shooter on Potts. I expect it will be the Black Hole for mine for at least forty-eight hours. I wouldn't be surprised but you will inhabit the other cell for a week."

"I'll run away first. If I were guilty I wouldn't object to whatever punishment Simcox chose to inflict on me; but to be punished for what I didn't do, I won't stand for."

"I don't see how you can help yourself unless you skip before Simcox appears and tells you your doom."

"No, I won't make any move until I make a final protest."

"It will be too late then."

"How will it?"

"As soon as Simcox announces your punishment he'll see to it that you perform your penance."

Before Joe could make a reply the principal walked in. He stalked majestically to his desk, and, sitting down, swung around and looked at the boys.

"Thomas Beaseley, I sent you from the class-room with directions to repair to your room and learn the first fifty lines from Chapter X of the History of the United States. Instead of obeying you went into the yard with an implement called a pea-shooter and began shooting peas at Philip Potts in the class-room as he was in the act of telling me his story about the vandalism which had been committed in my study last night. Your punishment will be three days in the dark cell on bread and water," said Mr. Simcox, tapping the hand-bell on his desk.

The gardener of the establishment, who had

evidently been waiting outside the door for signal, walked in.

"Take Beaseley to one of the dark cells lock him up. He is to remain there for three days," said the principal.

Tom was immediately marched away, and was left alone with the head of the institute.

"Now, sir, gaze upon your handiwork," Mr. Simcox, pointing at the defaced busts. "You ought to blush with shame at being the author of such an outrageous piece of business. The busts are ruined beyond redemption as works of art. Am I to suffer the pecuniary loss of placing them? It would be manifestly unfeeling. So I shall write your uncle an account of your deed, and request him to make the loss good. This is your first practical joke in my establishment, I will not go to the extreme of sending you away in disgrace, as you justly deserve, for your uncle told me this was the last chance he was giving to give you to acquire an education at school. You have already disgraced yourself at several institutions of learning, and I am going to send you to a place where I can't reclaim you by a little judicious punishment that shall fit the crime. I am satisfied that you are really not a bad boy, but a spoiled one. I regret that after promising me you would amend your ways that you have broken your word. That is the worst feature of this unhappy affair."

"I haven't broken my word, sir," said Joe stoutly. "I have never broken my word yet. I will not deface your busts. I was not in this room last night. The statements made by Phil Potts and Hen Marsh were not true in the faintest particular. They are both down on me, and this is a hard-up job to get me expelled from the school."

"I am compelled to believe them when both of them tell the same story. I see no reason why they should be down on you, as you term it. They are very good boys."

"They're a pair of sneaks, and the whole school knows it. They carry tales to you, and that's why you defend them," said Joe boldly.

"That will do, sir. I won't listen to another word. Your punishment will be a week in the second dark cell on a partial bread and water diet. If after you have been incarcerated three days you are truly penitent, and send me word that you are ready to promise to amend your ways, I will consider the question of releasing you and permitting you to return to your studies. That is all."

Mr. Simcox tapped his bell as before, and the gardener, who had returned after disposing of Beaseley, answered the call.

"Put this young man in the dark cell next to the one in which you have placed Beaseley. He will remain there seven days unless I remit a portion of the sentence," said the principal.

Then Joe was led away to the cellar of the building and locked into the cell in question, where he was left to ruminate upon his situation.

CHAPTER III.—A Break for Freedom.

As the footsteps of the gardener died away and silence fell upon the cellar, Joe heard three knocks upon the stout wooden partition which divided the cell from the adjoining one. Of course, the knock

re made by Tom Beaseley, and Joe answered him by three knocks on his side.

"What's your sentence?" asked Tom, through the hole which had been cut by some boy in the past to communicate with a fellow sufferer in the next cell.

"Seven days," replied Joe, putting his mouth to the hole.

"That's a long time for a first experience down here. Forty-eight hours is the usual time. As Simcox considered my offence a rank one, he gave me sixty."

"You've been here before, I believe?"

"I should smile—several times."

"How do you like it?"

"I don't like it, but I've got to grin and bear it."

"I don't intend to if I can help it."

"You can't help yourself. You're locked in like a dog and you can't get out till the gardener lets you out."

"Oh, I don't know. This cell is only built of solid wood."

"It's strong enough to hold you just the same."

"Maybe it is. I've got a good, sharp, strong pocket-knife. I'll bet I can cut my way out before a week is out."

"You can't do it. The gardener and the kitchen boy visit a prisoner three times a day with his food and water, a hunk of meat thrown in at dinner-time, and they'd notice any damage done to the woodwork. Then you would be searched and your knife taken away. The matter would be reported to Simcox, and you'd probably get an extra day," said Tom.

"Do they always examine the cells at each visit?"

"No. But they couldn't help seeing any cutting you did on the door."

"I notice that the back of the cell is stone. That's the foundation of the house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Both sides are constructed of stout boards. This side is the partition between our cells. That's beyond the other side of my cell?"

"A big coal-bin."

"Is it full of coal now, do you know?"

"No, I should think not. It's late in the spring, and most of the coal has been used up."

"Is the coal-bin kept locked?"

"No, I don't think so."

"I might be able to loosen a board next to the coal-bin."

"I don't believe you could do it."

"Well, I'm going to try and get out somehow."

"I wish you could, but there's small chance of it."

"Even if you did, what good would it do you? The damage would be repaired and you'd be sent back to do double time."

"Don't you believe it. I'd quit the school."

"Then your uncle would be notified, and when you get home he'd send you back."

"I wouldn't go home."

"Where would you go?"

"I don't know, but I'd hike for some other place."

"You haven't any money to speak of."

"That wouldn't make any difference."

"No? I should think it would make a lot of difference."

"I'd go to work for somebody and make some money."

The sound of footsteps caused the boys to break off their conversation. There was a small grated hole in the front of each door. Somebody came to Tom's cell and peered in through the opening. Owing to the darkness within he could see nothing.

"Hello!" said a voice in squeaky tones.

"What do you want, Hen Marsh?" asked Tom, recognizing the voice.

"Oh, this is where you are, Tom Beaseley? How do you like it in there?" asked Marsh with a chuckle.

"None of your business. Get out of here."

"What would you give to get out?"

Tom made no reply.

"He, he, he!" laughed Marsh.

There was a small pitcher of water and a glass in both cells. Tom partly filled the glass and approached the grating.

"Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here," said Marsh.

"Can you see me?"

"No; it's too dark."

"Put your face up close and look hard."

"I'm doing it."

Swish went the water into the sneak's face.

"Wow!" howled Marsh, falling back. "What did you do that for, you big stuff?" he added furiously.

"To make you keep your distance, you spy."

"I'll get square with you for that, see if I don't."

"You will, I don't think. Wait till I'm released and I'll make you sick of living. You and that putty-faced Potts lied about Joe Jackson and got him sent down here. We're going to fix you for that. I'll bet a dollar you and Potts painted those busts yourselves."

"Aw, bet your small change first."

"Get out of here and leave us alone."

"Go sit on a tack," said Marsh, moving on to Joe's cell. "Hello, you lobster. What are you thinking about?"

Joe made no answer.

"I hear you're in for a week. Ain't I glad you got it in the neck. I'll bet you won't play any more tricks in this school. Why don't you say something?"

The entire contents of Joe's water-jug came through the grated opening and landed on Marsh's chest, running down inside of his shirt and soaking him good. The sneak uttered a howl and danced around outside. After abusing Joe in choice terms he went away. The two prisoners laughed heartily over Marsh's discomfiture. They continued talking until the noon bell rang and the morning classes were over. The students hied themselves to the lavatory, where they washed their hands and faces preparatory to forming into line and marching into the refectory for dinner. Twenty minutes later the gardener and the kitchen boy brought the prisoners their dinner, which consisted of a plate of meat, potatoes and bread and butter.

"What do we drink?" asked Joe.

"Water," said the gardener. "You've got a jug full and a glass."

"There's no water in my jug," said Joe.

"You don't mean to say you've drank it all up?"

"I mean to say that the jug is empty."

The gardener looked and saw it was so. He told the kitchen boy to fill it at a faucet in the cellar, and then the prisoners were left to themselves again. About the middle of the afternoon Potts visited them. Marsh had warned him of the soaking he had received, and he was cautious. He had brought a small piece of candle with him, and he lighted it and held it close to the grating. That enabled him to see inside of Joe's cell. Joe was lying on his iron cot. Phil grinned when he saw where he was.

"Good-afternoon," he said.

"Go to thunder," responded Joe.

"Hen told me you handed him a bath."

"I'd like to hand you one, too."

"I think you need one yourself," said Potts.

He blew out the light, then raised a garden squirter, took aim in the dark at the spot where he had seen Joe's head, and sent a healthy stream in that direction. He expected to hear Joe yell like fun. But he was disappointed. The moment the light went out Joe had sprung off the cot and grabbed the tumbler of water, intending to soak Phil.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Potts, in great glee.

Swish went the tumbler of water into his face, and part of it went into his open mouth and half strangled him. He coughed and sputtered, and the squirter fell out of his hands. Joe and Tom gave him the laugh.

"I'll fix you for that, Joe Jackson," he hissed, picking up the squirter and walking away as mad as a hornet.

"I'd like to have that sneak in here in ten minutes," said Joe to Tom; "how I would lay it in to him."

"We'll fix him when we get free," returned Tom.

A few minutes afterward Joe discovered that the pillow of his cot was soaked with water. He was mightily surprised, for he couldn't account for it. He told Tom.

"Potts must have done that."

"How could he do it?"

"He must have had a squirter with him, and he thought to give you a soaking."

"Then he got beautifully left. The wall at the head of my cot is wet, too. I guess he lighted the candle to see where I was. If I hadn't got off the cot in a hurry he'd have got me. I'm going to report this to the gardener and ask for a dry pillow. I can't use that one now."

Joe, however, had no occasion to use a fresh pillow, as events shaped themselves. When supper time came the gardener was away on an errand to the village, and Joe and Tom waited so long for their supper, which was limited to bread and butter, that they began to fear they were not going to get any. Finally about seven o'clock one of the male helpers appeared, accompanied by the kitchen boy, who acted as the "buttons" of the institute, or lad-of-all-work. The boy carried a lantern, and the man two plates of bread and butter. Tom's cell was opened first, the plate passed in to him, and the door relocked. Then the door of Joe's cell was opened. That lad had formed a resolution to make his escape if he could when his door was next unlocked. The prospect of remaining seven days in solitary confinement, half of it at least without the presence of his friend Tom in

the next cell, was unbearable to him. When the man passed in the plate to him, Joe grabbed the buttered bread with one hand and sprang out of his cell, upsetting the man in his rush. Quick as a wink Joe snatched the lantern from the man and gave him a shove that landed him inside the cell. He slammed the door and locked it. Then while the man was getting up he opened Tom's cell and called him to come out.

CHAPTER IV.—In the Freight Car.

"Here, what are you up to?" demanded the man. "Let that boy out and get back into your cell."

"Tom," said Joe, as his friend stepped out, eating his bread and butter and wondering at the invitation to freedom extended by Joe, "are you game to skip out with me?"

"Where to?" asked Tom.

"Anywhere, so long as we get away from these dark cells."

"There'll be an awful row if we leave the cellar without permission."

"Well, I'm going to leave whether you do or not."

"I won't desert you, no matter what the consequences."

"All right. The only obstacle in our way is this individual. He must be prevented from giving the alarm. Help me shove him into your cell."

"Oh, I say, none of your didoes," said the man. "If you two don't return where you belong, I'll have to make you."

"Grab him," cried Joe, seizing him by one arm while Tom fastened on the other. In with him! The man was not very formidable, but he put up a struggle.

"You'll get into trouble over this, you chaps," he said.

"We'll risk it," returned Joe. "Get in the car with you."

The man struggled hard to avoid going in to Tom's cell, but the boys had the advantage of him, and in he went, the door being locked on him. Leaving the lantern on the floor for the benefit of the new prisoners, the boys started for the cell on the stairs. Joe led the way up, opened the door and stepped into the entry. There was no one in sight. The students were all at evening study.

"I'd like to put it over Potts and Marsh before I left the classic limits of the institute," said Joe, "but there's little chance of that."

"Are you really going to cut?" asked Tom.

"Say, what would happen to me if I didn't? Aren't you coming with me?"

"Where are you bound for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. All I care is to get as far away from Simcox as I can."

"But your uncle will be pretty angry with you."

"Let him," said Joe, opening the door and stepping out into the yard, followed by his friend. "I'm going to make my own way in the world."

"I'm with you. I'm sick of this school, anyway."

"Say, here's the window of the pantry open. I'm as hungry as a hunter. for I didn't eat much

"a couple of mouthfuls of that bread. Give me a boost up and I'll see what I can hook in the table line," said Joe.

"You'll get caught."

"Don't you worry. Wouldn't you like a few more mouthfuls?"

"I should say I would, but——"

"Never mind your butts, give me a back."

Tom bent down, Joe mounted on his back and crept into the pantry where a swinging lamp was hanging low. The door that communicated with the kitchen was slightly ajar, and Joe heard the kitchen and house girls laughing and talking at their leisure. He clambered in at the window and opened one of the doors of the big ice-chest. The first thing he saw was part of a joint of cold mutton. He pulled it out by the end of the bone and, going to the window, said:

"Lay hold of this, Tom."

His friend took it. A loaf of bread, an apple and a hunk of butter on a wooden platter followed. A bottle of milk, two-thirds full, with a pile of table knives, completed Joe's foraging efforts.

"Now we'll walk down the road a bit toward the hedge, and under the shelter of the hedge we'll eat our supper," he said, as soon as he rejoined his friend.

They covered a quarter of a mile when the lights of the village showed in the near distance. Then they sat down. Joe cut off several slices of cold mutton, then a hunk of the mutton for Tom and another hunk for himself.

"This tastes good," said Tom, with his mouth full.

"Bet your life it does. Have a drink?" and he handed out the milk bottle.

They finished the mutton between them and ate the rest of the pie.

"Where are we going to sleep to-night?" asked Tom.

"It's too cold to bunk out of doors."

"We'll find a barn somewhere."

"Barns are usually locked."

"Then we'll beg a lodging at a farm-house."

"They'll make us give an account of ourselves. A farmer will be sure to suspect that we belong to the institute, and will guess we are running away. He'll be likely to detain us while he sends word to Simcox."

The sound of wagon wheels approaching from the village attracted their notice.

"I wonder who this is?" said Joe.

It proved to be the gardener on his way back to school. The boys recognized him in the starlight and drew their hats down over their eyes. Their hats, by the way, were not their own, but they had taken off the hooks in the entry when they left the cellar. The gardener, if he noticed them, took them for village boys. The wagon rattled on and once more they were by themselves on the deserted road. They got up and walked forward in the direction of the village.

Skirting the outskirts, they came to the road tracks. On the siding stood a couple of box freight cars. One was closed, with a tag attached. The door of the other was open a few inches.

"This car would be a fair place to sleep if we don't have to lie on the bare floor," said Joe. "Give me a back and I'll see what it looks like inside."

Mounting Tom's back, he pushed the door open far enough to get in. Striking a match, he saw it was pretty well filled with bags of feed.

"We'll roost here for the night," he said, after telling Tom what was in the car. "Give me your hand."

He helped Tom up. Shoving the door into its original position, they sat down on a couple of bags and began considering their future. Three miles south of Rockdale village was a town called Wexbridge. They proposed to go there in the morning and take a train for Auburn. They could get the same train at the village, but did not consider it wise to be seen buying tickets at the station. Inquiries would surely be made of the agent by Mr. Simcox, and he would tell the principal that two boys answering his descriptions had bought tickets for Rockland, and then the head of the institute would have a line on their destination. After talking an hour they grew sleepy, and climbing up on the top of the bags, where they had lots of room, they took off their jackets, spread them over themselves, and were presently asleep.

In the meantime there was the dickens to pay at the institute. When the man and the youth-of-all-work failed to return to their duties, their absence was remarked and reported to the housekeeper. She sent one of the girls to the cellar to see if they were still there. The girl saw the lantern burning on the floor, but no sign of those she was in search of. Wondering where they were, she went over to the lantern. Then she was appealed to by a voice from behind the grating of one of the cells.

"Let me out, Molly. Those boys locked me in here and escaped."

The girl recognized the voice of the kitchen man and went to the door. She could not let him out, nor the youth who set up a howl in the next cell, because Joe had hung the key which opened both cells on the nail where Tom said it belonged, and the girl knew nothing about it.

"The key is not in the lock," said the girl.

"Then those boys have carried it away. Has the gardener got back yet?"

"I think not. He hasn't been to his supper."

"Then report the state of things to the housekeeper and tell her to notify Mr. Simcox that the two prisoners have got away and locked me and Billy in the cells, and carried off the key so we can't get out."

The girl returned to the kitchen and told the facts to the housekeeper. That lady was a bit staggered by the condition of affairs, and she went at once to Mr. Simcox's study and told him.

"Do you mean to say that those two boys have got out of their cells and locked Smith and Billy in their places?" cried the principal, not a little staggered himself by the unheard-of action of his two rebellious students.

"That is what Mary Fallon reported to me when she returned from the cellar, sir."

Mr. Simcox jumped up and accompanied her to the kitchen, where he questioned the girl, then he went down in the cellar himself and verified the outrage.

"How came you to let those boys get away, Smith?" demanded the principal, angrily. "You were supposed to unlock only one door at a time."

"That's what I did, sir. The boy who was in this cellar, whose name, I think, is Beaseley, gave me no trouble. I passed his supper to him, he took it, and I locked the door again. Then I went to the other cell, opened that and passed the plate in. The boy there, Jackson, took the buttered bread and then tipped the plate in my face. To prevent it falling and breaking I let go of the door, whereupon Jackson gave me a shove that sent me staggering back. I tripped over Billy's foot and fell on my back. Jackson grabbed Billy, took the lantern from him, shoved him into the cell and locked him in. Then before I could reach him he unlocked the other cell and called Beaseley out. The two of them seized me and forced me in here, locking the door on me, then they went away, taking the key with them," said the man.

"I should think you could have handled them both. You're a man and they are only boys," snorted Mr. Simcox.

"They're very strong, and the pair of them were too much for me, sir."

"Well, this is a pretty how-de-do. However, they shall pay dearly for this open rebellion. Beaseley shall remain here a week, and Jackson shall have a severe caning when his week is up. I must find them now and get the key so that I can let you and Billy out."

At that moment the gardener, who heard about the trouble as soon as he entered the kitchen for his supper, appeared. As he was a big, muscular chap, he was satisfied that the boys couldn't have tricked him like they did Smith. The principal had the same opinion, and he regretted that Jackson and Beaseley were served with their supper by any one other than the gardener, who was in charge of those sent to the dark cells.

"So they carried off the key, did they?" said the gardener, glancing at the hook where it hung when not in use. "No, they didn't, sir. Here it is on the nail."

Smith and Billy were immediately released, and returned to the kitchen looking very foolish, while Mr. Simcox started upstairs expecting to find Joe and Tom in their room. Of course he didn't find them there, for by that time they were climbing into the freight car. A search of the building, the grounds and the outbuildings failed to reveal the missing boys, and the principal at once concluded that they had run away. He told the gardener to take Smith and the other man servant in the light wagon and try to find them. The gardener then remembered that he had seen two boys sitting against the hedge on the road to the village when he was returning to the institute. He was sure they were the fugitives, so he headed for the village.

Several hours passed, during which Joe and Tom slept serenely on the top of the bags in the freight car. Then the whistle of the north-bound freight train brought the station agent out of his cottage close by. The two box cars on the siding were to be picked up and carried to the end of the road one hundred miles away. The agent with his waybills walked down to the siding to meet the conductor when he got out of the caboose. He flashed his lantern on the two box cars and noticed that one of them was not locked.

"That's just like Jenkins," he muttered. "I

told him to be sure and spring the lock on the car door, and here he has left it ajar as an invitation to tramps to take a free ride."

He pulled the door open and flashed his lantern all around inside. Apparently there was one in there, and not considering it necessary to make a search on the top of the bags, where the darkness hid the two sleeping boys from his sight, he shut the door tight, put the key in place and snapped the lock. Fifteen minutes later the two cars, attached to the freight, were rolling away from Rockdale, and the boys were unaware that they were on the move, and in a direction opposite to that they intended to go.

CHAPTER V.—The Ride That Ended In a Surprise.

The freight train ran along for an hour or so at an easy gait and then stopped at a town about ten miles from Rockdale. The two cars that were on at the latter place were at the end of the train next to the caboose. Those three were left on the main track, while a couple of others were dropped and a half loaded one taken up. The freight then backed down and connected with the three on the main track. They came together with a jolt which woke up Joe and Tom.

"What was that?" asked Tom.

"Blessed if I—— Hello! this car is being moved," said Joe, sitting up.

They heard three toots some distance ahead and then the train started on.

"Oh, I say, this car is being carried away from the siding. Hadn't we better get out," said Tom.

"No," said Joe, "we're in for a free ride. The freight train is doubtless going on to Auburn and we'll get there without the trip costing us a cent. That's lucky, for we haven't much money between us. Only enough to have paid our fare by the passenger train in the morning. Under the present circumstances we probably will reach Auburn two or three hours ahead of that train, for we'll travel all night. Turn over and go to sleep again."

"But this car might not go all the way to Auburn," said Tom.

"Then we'll take the passenger train the balance of the way. Every mile we travel in the car is so much saved to us."

The boys lay down again and soon went to sleep. It never occurred to them that the train might be going in the opposite direction to what they were calculating upon. Perhaps it was because their thoughts were centered on Auburn that this was so. Six miles further on a car was dropped off, and as the train went on one or more cars were dropped and occasionally one taken on. The jolting awoke the boys a couple of times, but as they knew the cause of it, they went to sleep again. Morning dawned over the country and, after a while, the sun rose. At seven o'clock the freight was still several miles from its destination. It was switched on the village siding to wait for the early passenger train from Bingham, the end of the route. The boys woke up.

"I wonder what the hour is?" asked Joe.

"The car isn't moving. I guess it was dropped somewhere along the road," said Tom.

"It's morning. I see the light shining under the door."

"Why isn't it shining through the door? You left it the way we found it, partly open, didn't you?"

"That's right, but it isn't open now. One of the train hands must have closed it."

"I hope he didn't lock the door," said Tom, easily. "We'd be in a nice pickle if he did."

"Oh, I don't know. The station agent is bound to open the door before long."

"He won't open it till these bags are called and they may not be called for to-day."

"Well, I'll see whether the door is locked or not," said Joe, slipping down and trying it. "Yes, fast all right."

"Then we'd better pound on it. If there is any one around he'll hear the racket and then we'll be caught."

"And we might be turned over to the police."

"That would be rough on us."

At that moment they heard the whistle of a locomotive. The passenger was coming in at the station a short distance away. In a couple of minutes they heard the passenger pass. Then they felt their car in motion again.

"We haven't been dropped off after all," said

"The freight was standing on a siding waiting for that train to pass."

"We ought to reach Auburn soon, don't you think so?" asked Tom.

"I haven't any idea how long it takes a freight train to make the distance from Rockdale; but it is only forty miles between the two places, and we've been running all night, off and on, I could say we were due to arrive pretty soon." "I've been told that freight trains run ten to fifteen miles an hour between stations. Now if the car was hooked on around midnight, and it's ten or eight o'clock now, the train ought to be run more than forty miles."

"But we can't tell how many stops it made, nor how long it stayed at any place. Sometimes a freight remains a good while on a siding waiting for some train which has the right of way to pass."

"There are no passenger trains running on this road up Rockdale way after nine o'clock. How do you know but we have passed Auburn? We have no evidence that this freight goes only as far as that city. It may be going on to Portland."

"If it's bound for that place we'll have to go with it."

"Suppose it goes clear through to Boston?"

"I don't believe this car is going to Boston. It's only half loaded."

"But suppose it did go through, we'd be nearly there by the time we got there."

"Don't worry. We've got half a pie and two loaves of a load of fresh bread. That will do till noon, and before then something may happen that will end in our release from the car."

The food was produced and they made their breakfast of it. Bread and pie for the morning was a new experience, but when one has nothing else it fills in. The main difficulty was they had nothing to drink, and that was sure to prove a serious matter if they had to remain

long cooped up in the freight car. The train ran steadily along for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, then the locomotive blew a long whistle.

"We're coming to another stopping-place," said Joe.

"I hope it is the end of our trip," said Tom.

It was, as they found out a little later. The freight rolled into the yard at Bingham and came to a stop. The locomotive went off to the roundhouse, and a yard engine came along soon afterward and carried the caboose off by itself. All the varied sounds of a busy railroad yard reached the ears of the boys, and as there was no further move made by their car, they believed it had reached its destination, and they looked eagerly forward to their release. After a time the yard engine came up and carried three cars of the train, theirs among the number, to the platform on one side of the train shed. They heard men passing and repassing frequently now, and the sound of hand trucks rolling along. It was close to noon before the door of their car was opened. The sunshine flashed in, and in another moment they were discovered.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" cried one of the station men, gazing sharply at the boys. "So you chaps have been stealing a ride, eh?"

"If you call being locked into a car and run off with stealing a ride, then we're guilty," replied Joe.

"How came you to be locked in this car? You must have sneaked in while it was lying at Rockdale, for that's where the car came from."

Joe explained how he and his companion came upon the car standing on the siding, with the door partly open, and as they were looking for a place to pass the night, as they had no money to pay for a lodging, they got in and went to sleep on the bags of feed.

"We didn't expect the car would be moved during the night," he went on. "This morning we intended to take the first passenger train for Auburn."

"For Auburn, eh?" grinned the man.

"Yes. Is this Auburn, or have we been carried further on?"

"If you were bound for Auburn you've been traveling in the wrong direction to get there."

"Traveling in the wrong direction?" said Joe.

"Auburn is forty odd miles south of Rockdale, where you got on this car. You are now at Bingham, about 80 miles north of Rockdale."

"Holy smoke! is that so?" gasped the boy.

"That is so. This is the terminus of the road. You'll have to pay your way back now, and it will cost you three times as much as if you had taken a passenger at Rockdale going the right way."

"But we haven't money enough to buy tickets over such a distance."

"Well, that's your funeral. Come now, get a move on. You may consider yourselves lucky that I don't turn you over to the station agent. He might use you roughly, for it's considered a crime to sneak a ride on a freight car. I believe your story, for you don't look like young tramps, and I am willing to allow that you wouldn't have gone to sleep in this car had you known where it was bound."

"I'm afraid we're in a bad hole. We've got

to eat, and we haven't the price of more than half a dozen meals."

"You look like pretty decent sort of chaps, who have homes. Why don't you telegraph to your parents for money to get back with?"

"I haven't any parents. I live with my uncle when I'm at home. He's a banker at Clearhaven, and that's some ways from here."

"You can easily reach him with a telegram. You can explain matters when you get back. I dare say he'll send you enough money to see you through, and your friend, too. Well, I can't stand here talking all day. I wish you both luck."

"Come on, Tom," said Joe, and the boys left the car and took their way out of the yard.

Bingham was a small town on the Kennebec, and its chief industry was lumber. So the boys sought a restaurant, where they had a meal and then started through the town. They came across an intelligence office, in the window of which was a sign reading: "Men wanted by the Somerset Lumber Co. Good pay. Also a couple of boys to make themselves useful." They entered the office and after a few inquiries secured the job. They were to be conveyed to a logging camp. They arrived at their destination and were fitted out with the necessary clothing for their work in the camp. Then they were conveyed in a wagon to the point in the forest at which they were to start in. Arriving there, they were set to work with the cook of the camp. The next day, however, Tom was set to work helping get dinner for the men, while Joe was taken along with the wood choppers as a help to the mule drivers.

Tom had a worse job than Joe, for he was compelled to work on Sundays, while Joe was idle, except to feed the mules. Joe soon made the acquaintance of two other boys who were working in the camp, named Jimmy White and Tommy Bunce.

CHAPTER VI.—Tom Goes Into the River.

Three months passed away and the boys had become well accustomed to their work in the camp. Tom, finding that kicking would do no good, ceased to howl over his duties, and gradually made himself popular with the cook and his assistant, and they ceased to hustle him around any more than was necessary.

Joe got along fine hauling the logs to the river, and was hail-fellow-well-met with all the men in the camp. Scraps occasionally took place between the loggers over trifling causes, and the combatants pounded one another till they got tired of the amusement, and no one ventured to interfere. The three mule-hauling boys only met in camp, and they never had any disagreements. On the whole, Joe was not sorry he had come to the logging camp, while Tom figured on what he would do with the bunch of money he would get when the camp broke up in the late fall.

Neither expected to return in the following spring. It was now summer and the weather was warm enough more of the time to suit anybody, and it felt hot to the men who were doing the hard work. On Saturday afternoon Tom came out to where Joe was busy with his mules. He often put in his two hours of relaxation that

way. He liked to talk with Joe, and he was interested in the hauling.

When a good-sized log was in process of being hoisted he would seat himself astride of it and sit to the river. This afforded him great fun. This was not always, for sometimes the moving log would bump against an obstruction, and Tom would take a tumble. Such accidents compelled him to be very spry to avoid getting hurt, for the log was liable to roll over on his leg and break it. Being at the head of his tandem mule team, sometimes consisting of six animals, when the log was extra big and heavy, he could not tell if his companion was treated to a tumble till he heard a yell from Tom.

On the Saturday afternoon in question Tom had made two trips from the cutting ground to the river, which was a narrow, turbulent stream which took its rise up in the mountains a few miles away. The current was swift and was deep enough to drown any man who fell in and couldn't swim. Even a first-class swimmer would be at some disadvantage with his garments on. A large number of logs rose and fell with the action of the water, and the men in charge of them were generally ready to set them free so they could float down to the Kennebec and Bingham, where they would be caught by the boom stretched across the river at that point. The logs were close together, and the passage across them looked easy while they were at rest except for the irregular motion imparted to them by the current rolling underneath the mass.

To the loggers, who were accustomed to the peculiar movements of the logs, it was easy to scurry about upon them—as easy as running about on the stable ground, and their careful movements gave a false idea of the security of the mass as a stamping spot. Several times Tom had been on the point of getting out of the logs to experience the sensation, but had been warned by Joe not to do it.

"They're wet and slippery, and if you bear your weight on them just right they will roll more or less," he said. "If your foot slips between them you would run the chance of being injured or spraining your ankle, perhaps your leg."

"They don't look so dangerous," said Tom.

"Looks don't count in their case."

"But look at the way the men skip around them. They never meet with an accident."

"They're accustomed to doing it. Their feet are educated to the movements of the logs. They get around by the sense of touch. You can't tell that they're very spry in their movements, but that's the rule."

"Look at that chap out there standing between two logs."

"He's got them balanced just right."

"Well, those two boom logs, that are fast on both banks, they're safe enough."

"I suppose you'd like to run across them to the other side of the stream?"

"I would for the fun of the thing."

"Well, take my advice and don't do it."

"Haven't you been on the logs yet?"

"Yes. It is necessary for me to lend a hand sometimes, and the men taught me how to do them; but I'm far from being expert at it, and I don't care to do it. The sensation is

ar, especially when you go on them for the first time. You feel kind of helpless, and it takes all our nerve to keep your wits working right."

Tom, however, felt an irresistible longing to go across the stream on the logs. He wanted to be able to say when he got back home that he had accomplished the feat. The more he looked at them the stronger the temptation became. He asked to the head of the mass, where the two logs stretched across the stream acted as a boom and held the bobbing logs from getting away. At the proper time a couple of men would cross over and release the opposite ends of the boom logs, paying out the long rope. The confined logs would then slip down the stream, those nearest the men going first, generally speaking, though not invariably. Between the pull of the stream and the pressure of the logs, it was some job for the men to let the boom logs swing and prevent the other logs from being caught by the rope; they usually managed it without much trouble. The slipping of the boom was about to take place, while Tom was on the spot, and the idea struck him that he would prefer to see it from the other side. He remained on the river bank while Joe went back to the clearing with his axes. Finally he asked one of the men if he thought he could get across all right. "I wouldn't try it," was the reply. "You aren't used to the business. Them logs are as skittish as young colts. You see, they're more restive on account of the roughness of the stream. Besides, if you got across you'd have to return the two boom logs after they had been brought back in place and secured again."

"Even so; they're more stable than the other logs, because being tied they don't roll much, and I think the only dangerous point of the logs is their rolling quality," said Tom.

The man shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Just then Tom heard Joe shouting to his axes as they were dragging another log to the river side. At the same moment the foreman of the river squad told his two helpers to cross to the other side and release the boom. If he was going to make the attempt to cross on the logs, this was Tom's last chance for the present, and he realized it. On the spur of the moment he stepped down on the end of the boom logs and started across on them. This, as he had calculated, was the easiest way, for being secured at both ends the long logs were fairly stable—that they couldn't roll like the free logs, but being at the end of the wobbling mass, they were constantly being lifted by the upshoot of the current escaping from under the logs above. This lifting action was not regular, nor was it uniform. It was more or less jerky and uncertain, which amounted to nothing to one used to it. The boiling of the water had a tendency to confuse one's vision. It confused Tom at the very moment, and an upward jump of the two logs threw him a bit off his balance. The result was the boy lost his presence of mind and pitched head foremost into the river.

Joe, who saw Tom start across and was watching him with some anxiety, uttered a shout when his friend took his header. All the men saw his mishap. Before they could draw a second breath Tom came to the surface several yards away and was whirled off down the stream. Joe

started on a dead run down the bank and soon came up with his friend, who was making strenuous but vain efforts to swim to that bank.

"Keep afloat, old man, and I'll run ahead to the bend and try to get you there, for the stream swings in that way," he called out, encouragingly.

At the call of the foreman the two hands who had crossed the logs to release the boom came back, and the bunch started on a run after Joe. They shouted to Tom as they passed him to keep his courage up and they would save him. A third of a mile down a second collection of logs held by a boom had just been released, and the boom logs were left lying against the bank so that the course would be clear for the passage of the logs above. The men were making for this point with the intention of getting one of the boom logs across the imperilled boy's path for him to lay hold of. This could be done quickly because the stream was shallow for several yards out, and there was a rocky ledge along the bottom for the men going into the water to brace their feet against. When the men overtook Joe, the foreman told him to follow them.

"Why not wait here at the turn?" said Joe.

"No good. He won't come in close enough for us to catch him. The water is too deep at this point for us to venture in. We'll get him at the boom below."

There was nothing for Joe to do but accompany the men, and he did so. They reached the vacant boom below in a few minutes. Of all the logs that had been there an hour before, not one was now in sight. They were on their way to the Kennebec.

"Now, boys, we have no time to waste," said the foreman, picking up a great steel log gripper, which was a load in itself for an ordinary man unaccustomed to its use. One of the two long logs lay within easy reach.

"Grab the end of it and lift it between those two rocks," said the foreman, stepping into the water and preparing to grip the log and help the work along.

The end of the log was hoisted up on the smooth, rocky surface, and then drawn in far enough to give the men a purchase on it. Throwing their weight on it, they lifted it clear of the current and swung it around till it pointed across the stream—not straight across, but diagonally up the river to allow for the swing of the current when it hit the water. The foreman went out as far as it was prudent to do, gripped the log with his implement, and shouted to the men to shove the log a foot. This was done, and he saw by the dipping of the end of the log that the men were losing their purchase on it. Releasing the gripper, he came in a yard, gripped the log again and ordered the men to give the shove that would send the far end into the water. The foreman braced himself to hold the log against the tide. The moment it struck the water it required muscles of steel to hold the log.

"Another shove, my lads," he cried.

The end of the log shot further out. The foreman had to go with it, and he reached a spot beyond which he dare not proceed. He measured the distance from the end of the log to the further shore. Then he shouted for information as to the whereabouts of Tom, who he calculated

could not be far off now. Joe was standing on a rock watching for a sight of his friend. He saw his head coming along three-quarters of the way across the stream. He was afraid he would miss the end of the log by a foot or two. He was also afraid that even if he hit the boom log he would be too exhausted to grasp it, or to hold on. He determined to get out to the end of the log himself and seize Tom the instant he came within reach. He came down from his perch and ran out on the log, telling the foreman as he sprang over the gripper what he intended doing and where Tom was in the river. There was a rock near the further bank where the boom logs were anchored at that side, and the foreman determined to simplify the situation by getting the log all the way to it if he could.

"Another shove, my hearties!" cried the foreman, releasing the gripper.

The men shoved. But with nothing holding it the log swung down with the stream. The foreman dashed forward and gripped it again. The log was nearly straight across when he stayed its progress. Joe, far out on the end, saw that Tom would pass out of his reach unless the log could be sent farther out. He shouted the fact to the foreman. Tom's fate depended on what happened during the next few seconds. If he passed beyond the reach of the log and his rescuers the chances were he would be drowned as soon as exhausted nature gave up the struggle.

"Now, boys, all together!" sang out the foreman, as he steadied the log with his gripper. "One more shove and it will hit the rock."

The men shoved, the huge log swung into place and the boy was saved.

CHAPTER VII.—The Hermit of the Woods.

Joe grabbed Tom by the arm and hauled him up on the log. His friend was completely exhausted, and wasn't able to help himself even a little bit. But for Joe's aid he would have been drawn under the log and carried on down the stream. The foreman saw that the rescued boy was like a wilted flower, so he sent one of the men out on the log to fetch him to the bank. Joe pulled himself backward, for he did not care to take the chances of standing up on a single log with the stream dashing over it like a mill race. Tom was conscious, but that was the best that could be said for him. Some whisky was poured down his throat and he was allowed to lie against a rock to recover. The boom log was then released from its hold on the rock, and the current swung the end back to its former position against the bank. Leaving Joe with Tom, the men returned to the boom above, and in a short time the logs up there were released, and they came rushing down like a big bunch of Marathon racers at the start.

"You had a narrow squeak of it, old man," said Joe. "I hope it will be a lesson to you not to try log crossing again."

Tom made no reply. He felt too weak to indulge in conversation at that moment. Joe fed him another drink of whisky, and that put a little life into him.

"I thought it was all over with me," he said at

length. "At first I thought I could easily fetch the bank, for I can swim some, but the current was so strong that it seemed to hold me in a grip so tight that I could make no headway against it. So I had to give up and go along with it."

In a little while he was able to accompany the men back to where the mules were munching the grass. When Tom learned that it was five o'clock he he'd get a calling down from the cook when he got back for being away when wanted.

"However, when he learns what I've been through I guess it will be all right," he added. "for we are good friends."

"The foreman of the chopping gang will go over my scalp because I've not hauled a log for nearly an hour," said Joe; "but when I have explained the particulars he will understand the reason for my absence."

So Tom started for the camp and Joe chased his mules back to the clearing. Tom's narrow escape was reported to the superintendent, and the boy got a calling down for venturing out on the logs.

"Had you lost your life and the matter followed up by your parents, the company could have been held responsible, legally, and compelled to pay damages," he said to Tom. "So after I want to hear of no more skylarking from you. Do you understand?"

Tom said he did, and that ended the matter. Joe was coming in to dinner with the gang the next day when the covered wagon drew up before the office and a well-dressed man got out. He proved to be the general manager of the company, the main office of which was at Bingham. The Sisseton Lumber Co. owned about half of the mills at that town, and was the most important of all the lumber companies in that county. The manager had come to the camp to see how the boys were running there, though the superintendent kept him pretty well informed through his weekly report. He also had an important piece of business on hand, which was to acquire for the company a fresh tract of timber land in the neighborhood, running along the river further to the north. The company had been after it for some time, but the old man who owned it, and who lived on it alone, in hermit fashion, had steadfastly refused to sell, though offered a very high price for it. The company was eager to get it, for the land they had was being rapidly denuded of its timber, and in a year or two, as the chopping got further and further from the river, the cost of getting the logs to the stream would become a serious item. Extra boys and mules would have to be hired to achieve the same results now accomplished by one boy and one string of animals. The old man's property was advantageously situated for the lumber trade, for it was a long narrow strip right on the river, and it adjoined the company's water front. The old man's objections to selling was not because he was hoarding out for more money, or a natural increase in the value of his tract, but because he did not want to give up his home in the woods, to which he had become attached, he said. He asserted that money was no object to him, for he had little need for it. All he wanted was to be left alone during the few remaining years of his life. He declined to say whether he had relatives living to whom

the property would revert in the event of his death. In fact, no information of any kind could be got out of him. The county records showed that he had owned the property for over twenty years, and that he paid the State tax, the only way he was up against, regularly. On the other side of the river for several miles up and down there was no timber growing closer than within a few miles of the stream, and the lumber company had no use for the land, so every few months somebody in its interest visited the old hermit to see if he couldn't be induced to sell his tract. The old man, whose name was Hubbard, visited the camp three or four times a year for supplies, going and coming in a dilapidated old sailboat. He was entitled to right of way, the loggers always had to get his boat over the booms, which was no great difficulty. He had not passed either up or down since Joe and Tom had been at the camp. As a matter of fact, he had not been seen for six months, and the general manager of the company, having been advised that Hubbard was a month or two behind his regular time for visiting the town, began to suspect that he might be dead. He had come to the camp partly to investigate the matter. The men had an hour for dinner, independent of the time it took them to come on and return to the chopping ground. This gave them at least an hour to lounge around and smoke, for smoking was prohibited in the woods, owing to the prevalence of the dried brush, which during the summer was like tinder, and was liable to catch from a lighted match dropped into it. A fire started under such circumstances might lead to very disastrous results. When Joe came out of the dining-room that day he took a shady seat which happened to be under the open window of the superintendent's private office. Inside the office the superintendent and the general manager were conversing. Their talk related to the tract of land owned by Hubbard. Joe heard every word, and learned that the company was willing to give any price in reason for it. The manager said that he intended visiting the man on the following morning, and he expected the superintendent to accompany him. He was afraid they would find Hubbard dead. His death would throw the property into the hands of the probate court, and not only keep the company from purchasing it for some time, but would put it in competition with other companies when it was eventually put up for sale. The manager said this condition of things would not transpire. Joe's curiosity was greatly excited concerning Hubbard, the hermit, and he wondered why the old man did not accept a good price for his property and remove to the pale of civilization where he could pass his last few years in comfort. He returned to work with his gang and forgot all about the hermit. For some reason a couple of mules were skittish that afternoon. This was the first time he had noticed them behave that way. During the transit of the second log to the mill they gave him considerable trouble and delayed his trip. However, he got the log to the mill and was telling the foreman there about the unusual conduct of the two animals when the foreman's question suddenly made a break up the conversation. As he needed their services, he couldn't let them get away, so mounting one of the mules, he started after them. They led

him a pretty dance, however, but he kept them in sight, for they held close to the clear ground along the river. After following them all of three miles, he began to close in on them. Confident of capturing them, he spurred his mount forward. He was almost up to the fugitives, when they suddenly dashed off into the woods. He followed in no little disgust, but they left him behind, and finally he lost them altogether.

"I'm afraid I'll have to let them go, but I'll get a raking over for losing them," he said, for he was responsible for the animals. "This will throw me back in my work, and I wouldn't be surprised if I was compelled to work next Sunday to clean up the logs that are piling up on me. Hello, here's a very respectable looking shanty in a clearing that seems to be planted in vegetables. I wonder who lives here?"

As he was hot and thirsty, he decided to stop and ask for a drink. He dismounted, tied his mule, lest it should take a notion to make a break for freedom on its own account, and knocked on the half-open door. Something like a groan came from within. Joe repeated his knock, and another groan answered him. He pushed open the door and entered. He found himself in a tidy-looking room furnished with a table, several chairs, a stove, a dresser, on which was an array of dishes, a book-case full of books, a shelf on which stood a clock that was not going, and many other things. Pots and pans were hung around near the stove, and several pictures adorned the rough log walls. Again he heard the groan, now quite plain, and it came from an adjoining room, the door of which stood wide open. Walking over, he looked in. The sunshine coming through an open window fell upon a cot, and upon the cot lay stretched a white-haired old man. Instantly the thought struck him that the figure was Hubbard, the hermit, the subject of the conversation between the manager and the superintendent.

"Hello," said Joe, "what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Yes," said the old man, in a hollow tone.

"That's too bad. You appear to be all alone. What can I do for you?"

"In the name of heaven get me a drink of cool water."

"I'll do it if I can find the water."

"There is a spring at the back of the house," said the old fellow, with some difficulty. "Take a pitcher and fill it."

Joe found a pitcher on the dresser and, going to the rear of the premises, saw a spring bubbling up there. He filled the pitcher and hurried back to the old man. Filling a glass, he held it to the man's eager lips. He drained every drop and fell back with a sigh of satisfaction and relief. While the sick man lay still with his eyes closed, Joe took a drink himself.

"I would like to ask you a question," said Joe, when the old man opened his eyes and looked at him steadfastly.

"Ask it."

"Is your name Hubbard?"

"Yes," nodded the sick man.

That was enough for Joe—he was face to face with the hermit of the woods.

CHAPTER VIII.—Joe's Find.

"How long have you been ill?" asked Joe.

"I have not been feeling very well for nearly three months—not well enough to make my regular trip to town; but I've only been real sick for two days. I am now helpless to do anything for myself, and I looked for nothing but a speedy death. Your unexpected coming has been a blessing to me, for I was parched for a drink. I would have given every dollar this land of mine is worth for that drink of cool water. My gratitude to you is boundless. What fortunate chance brought you to my house? It is seldom I see the face of my fellow-man in this wilderness."

Joe told him how his chase of the two mules, which he had failed to capture, led him there.

"Then you are in the employ of the Somerset Lumber Co.?"

"Yes."

"Is this your first season with the company?"

"It is."

"What is your name, and how came you to take service with the loggers?"

Joe told how he and his friend Tom had run away from the Rockdale Institute, and had been carried to Bingham in a freight car, and that being in financial straits, they had agreed to work for the lumber company that season.

"I suppose you want to get back to your work as soon as you can?" said the old man.

"I ought to, but I won't leave you in this shape without doing what I can to help you and make you as comfortable as possible," said Joe.

"Thank you, boy. I believe you have a sympathetic heart. I wish you would bring my medicine chest from the corner. I have a fever and I want to take something that will reduce it."

Joe brought the chest. He opened it and saw it was a specially prepared homeopathic case for self-doctoring. There was a book of instructions which gave the symptoms of various ailments and diseases, and the medicine to take to afford relief and a cure. Joe asked the old man to describe his symptoms, for he believed that the fever was one of the symptoms of his trouble, and not simply a fever alone. As the fever had to be allayed, he selected the medicine applicable to fever, and gave him six pellets, which was the right dose.

"You must take these pellets every hour till you feel better."

Joe felt of his pulse and saw it was high. There was a small white implement used for taking a sick person's temperature, and the old man directed him to place one end of the tube in his mouth and see what it registered at the end of a minute. When Joe told him, the hermit pointed out another medicine in liquid form.

"Get a clean glass, fill it about half full of water, and then with one of those droppers put six drops of medicine in it," he said.

The boy followed his directions. He then asked the old man if he had any tea in the place, and if he had, should he prepare him some. The hermit said he had tea, and would like a cup. He told Joe where to find it, and he went out into the next room, built a fire, boiled the water and made

the tea. He found some soda crackers and brought them to the old man with the tea.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Hubbard?" asked Joe.

"A little better—thanks to what you have done for me."

"I don't think you ought to be left alone. You need attention. When you get well you ought to sell your property and go to town where you get a doctor whenever you need one."

"No," said the hermit, "I shall live and die in the wilderness. I have experienced nothing but ingratitude from the world, and I want nothing to do with it. I will make an exception in your case. You have done me a great kindness and I appreciate it. You shall not regret it."

"The Somerset Lumber Co. is very anxious to secure your property. I heard the manager, who came to camp to-day, tell the superintendent. It is most advantageously situated close to the river, and the company doesn't want any other company to get hold of it. The manager and superintendent are going to pay you a visit in the morning."

"I don't want to see them. I won't talk to them. I am too ill to talk, anyway. Besides, I won't sell."

"They are afraid if you should die the property would be thrown into court while a search is made for your heirs."

"I haven't any heirs. I haven't anybody in the world."

"Then your property would go to the State, I suppose, and the lumber company would buy it from the authorities, but in that case there would be competition for it, which they wish to avoid by getting it from you before you die."

"The State shan't have it, for the money would go to the politicians."

"Then you will have to will it to somebody to sell it."

"I will. I'll sell to you for \$1 on condition that you will not claim it till I am dead, and you will visit me once a week as long as you remain at the camp."

Joe's heart gave a big jump at the prospect of getting hold of such a valuable property. But there was a difficulty in the way. Being under age, he could not legally take title to real estate. He mentioned the fact to the old man.

"I will fix that. You say you have an uncle."

"Yes."

"Is he your legal guardian?"

"Yes."

"Have you full confidence in him?"

"Oh, yes. He's all right."

"Then the first time I am able to go to town I will transfer the property to him in trust for you, inserting a clause to the effect that I am to retain possession of the property as long as I live. After I am dead you can sell the property to the lumber company that will give the highest bid for it, or you can form a lumber company of your own to take the property over. You will have no trouble in securing the necessary capital," said the hermit.

"It is very good of you to give me this valuable tract when you can sell it for big money."

"What good is the money to me? I would like to mingle with the world to spend it, and

ever will do. I am perfectly contented here in solitude. I will not make a change now that I am drawing near my end."

"Well, is there anything more I can do for you before I go? I will ride up here after supper. I will see how you are getting on, and, if necessary, remain with you all night."

"You are very good, boy. I believe you are serving of my liberality. There is nothing more you can do now. I shall be glad to have you come back this evening and remain a while. I may need your services."

Joe then bade him good-by and left the house. To his surprise he found the two fugitive mules inside eating the vegetable sprouts in the truck. He approached them cautiously, but they made no attempt to get away. Securing them, he took them back to the chopping ground, where, as he expected, the foreman went for his scalp. He explained why he had been so long away, though he did not mention that he had spent an hour at the old hermit's house, but the foreman said he had no business to let the mules get away from him. He was later reported to the superintendent, but nothing came of it. After supper that evening he started for the hermit's place on horseback.

He had intended to ride, but he couldn't get a mule without attracting attention, and he did not care to let anybody at the camp know where he was going. He followed the river bank to the point where he believed he had entered the woods after the mules that afternoon. It happened it was not the same place. It was very dark, particularly at night, though the stars shone out and it was not so very dark to recognize a particular spot or opening into the woods, which one has seen but once before, though it is what Joe had made a note of the place when he was back so he would know it again. At any rate he was deceived by another opening not so far up the river. He entered the woods at that point, and had not gone far when he fell into a hole concealed by brush, and shot down to the bottom of it a depth of seven or eight feet. He felt around and found that the hole was very wide, but it was as dark as pitch. Fortunately he had some matches in his pocket, and struck one. Right above him was the hollow of an old dead tree. The roots stretched into the earth around him. The hole through which he had slid lay between two old and massive roots. The singular part of the business was a rope hanging down through the hollow of the tree, to the end of which was attached a large tin box, japanned, with a gilt band around the edge of the cover. The box was old and rusty, and looked as if it had been there a considerable time. Joe lifted it and found it fairly heavy.

"Wonder what is in it, and how it comes to be in a place as this?" the boy asked himself.

He found a key, that evidently belonged to the box, tied to the handle with a bit of string. He got out of there first of all and then took the box out. I wouldn't be surprised if it contained something valuable," thought Joe.

After taking a careful survey of the hole, Joe decided that he would crawl out. It proved a difficult job than it looked, but he finally managed to extricate himself. Then he carefully

examined the trunk of the tree for the opening he expected to find in it. Although he knew the trunk was hollow, it looked perfectly solid.

"The opening must be above, in the crotch where the dead limbs branch out," he thought.

He crawled up to that point, struck another match and saw that was where the hole was. The rope was not visible, and Joe wondered where it was attached. Flashing a light down into the hollow trunk, he saw that several large nails had been driven into the inside bark close together so that their combined strength would hold the weight of the box. Reaching down, he seized the rope and drew the box up. Cutting the rope off close to the nails, he lowered the box to the ground on the outside. Then he slid down himself. Cutting the key loose, he tried to insert it into the lock, but both it and the keyhole were rusty, and the key wouldn't go in.

It took Joe nearly an hour to find the clearing out and oiled," he said, "and then, I guess, they will work all right. I'll carry the box to the old man's cottage."

It took Joe nearly an hour to find the clearing where the cottage was. When he walked in the hermit was asleep. He lighted a lamp he saw on the dresser, and he proceeded to put in his time on the box. He found some sweet oil and a piece of rag and got busy with the key first. He scraped the rust off as well as he could with his knife, then cleaned it till it shone with the oil and the cloth. Then he applied himself to the keyhole of the box. This was a longer and more difficult job. An hour passed and at last Joe got the key to work. It turned in the lock with a loud snap that awoke the old hermit. At the same moment Joe pried up the cover with the blade of his knife, and found that the box was full of money, part of it in double golden eagles.

"Geel! this is a great find!" he ejaculated, excitedly.

CHAPTER IX.—A Small Fortune.

At that juncture he heard the old man call out: "Who's there?"

"I'm here," replied Joe, closing the box and, taking the lamp, went into the next room with the box under his arm.

Hubbard looked at the box, which he believed contained something the boy had brought from the logging camp, and then said:

"How long have you been here?"

"Maybe an hour," replied Joe, putting the box on the floor. "I found you asleep when I came in, and would not disturb you. How do you feel?"

"Pretty good. The sleep helped me. I don't feel so feverish as I did, and my brain feels clearer."

Joe felt of his forehead and saw that it felt kind of moist, and not dry and hot as it was before.

"You're better," he said. "I judge so by the feel of your head."

"Did you have any trouble when you got back to work this afternoon?"

"I got a resting call-down from the foreman."

"You told him that you accidentally came

across this house and found me ill, and that you stopped to help me."

"No, I didn't mention you at all. I laid all the blame of my absence on the runaway mules. They deserve it. It didn't do me much good, though, for the foreman told me that I had no business to let them get away."

"Then I suppose you said nothing about me at the camp?"

"Nothing at all. I intended to come back and I did not want anybody to guess where I was bound."

"What have you in that box?"

"You'd never guess."

"Some food you have brought me from the camp."

"No. I brought you nothing from the camp. I figured you had all you needed for the present in the house."

"I guess I have, though my stock of groceries have run out."

"I missed my route in returning here. I came on foot, for I couldn't take a mule."

"That was something of a walk."

"Not over three miles, and I don't mind that. I met with an adventure soon after taking to the woods."

"An adventure?"

"Yes. I fell into a hole under an old decayed and hollow tree."

"You didn't hurt yourself?"

"No. I found this box in the hole."

"Did you? Rather a singular place for it to be."

"It wasn't put into the hole the way I got there. The chances are the hole was there when the box was hidden. I found it attached to the end of a rope which ran up through the hollow trunk of the tree. After I got out of the hole I climbed the tree to the crotch and pulled the box out, for I judged that it contained something of value or it wouldn't have been hidden where I found it."

"What is in the box?"

"Money, and a lot of it, in gold and paper."

The old hermit looked around astonished.

"Money!" he said, incredulously.

"Yes. Look. I'll show you."

Joe lifted the cover and held the lamp so the light would shine into the box.

"My gracious!" said Hubbard. "It is money. How much?"

"I haven't counted it yet."

"You can do so now."

Joe had no objection, for it was a pleasant job, as he was curious to find out how much he had found. There proved to be \$5,000 in gold and \$15,000 in bills. Nothing else was in the box except an old newspaper, bearing a date of twenty years before. The newspaper was called the Portland Press, and a part of it was missing. It had been used to pad the box with.

"You are rich, young man," said the old hermit, "and you will be still richer when you come in control of this property after I have passed away. Truly your lucky star guided you to this part of the State."

"Those mules deserve some credit. I wouldn't have come out to these woods but for them. They probably saved your life as well as helped me to a

small fortune. We have both reason to be grateful to them."

"I suppose you will give up the logging now and go back to your home?" said the hermit regretfully, as he thought of losing the boy's society just when he was congratulating him on having made his acquaintance.

"I haven't considered what I will do now that I have a bunch of money. I wouldn't like to tell you abruptly—certainly I wouldn't do it until I am well once more. It wouldn't be treating you right when you have promised to turn over property of yours to me. I intended visiting as often as you cared to see me, and also introducing my friend Tom to you, if you cared to know him. I dare say this money will keep until the logging season is finished. Three months I will finish it up. In the meantime, I will leave the money in your care."

"You feel you can trust me with so much money," said the old man.

"Why not? You couldn't spend it all here."

"I might run off with it when I got well."

"If you won't turn your own property into money, I guess the contents of this box will be no great temptation to you."

"You are right, my boy. I have no use for more money than it takes to purchase things I actually need. I am happy here with my book and my solitude. What more do I need?"

"Your way of accumulating happiness would not suit me, nor most people, but if it pleases you, I don't know that you could better yourself by making a change. I have heard my uncle say that real happiness does not exist in this world except in spots in one's life. He said contentment, if acquired, was the nearest approach to it. You appear to be contented in this lonely place. If that is a fact, you could not be happy under different conditions. I have read of hermits, but you are the first I have ever met. You must have had some powerful reason for separating yourself from civilization in this place before you knew that you would be hunted out in these wilds."

"I had. A very strong reason. It is my secret, and it will die with me," said the old man, in an impressive tone.

"Do you want me to remain with you tonight?" said Joe.

"No. You can get me another pitcher for spring water, and leave a few crackers within my reach. Also the lamp turned low. Lock the box and take the key away with you. Show it under my cot for to-night. I guess it will be there. Still there is always a chance that an unscrupulous person might intrude upon me, finding me helpless to resist him, rob me. At the back of the house, behind the spring, you will find a hole that runs under the flooring. Shove the box in there. Get a bunch of brush and cover the hole, and it will be safe, I guess."

Joe followed the hermit's instructions, brought him fresh water and the box of soda crackers, then wishing him good-night, started for his camp. It was going on to midnight, the weather was quiet and everybody was asleep when he was there. He had no difficulty in reaching his room, for the door opening on the stairs was locked. In a short time he was sound asleep himself.

one but Tom asked him where he was the preceding evening. He had not been missed particularly. He informed his friend that he would tell him later. At half-past even he started with the gang to work. About nine o'clock the superintendent and the manager, on their way to visit the hermit, stoppped at the chopping ground a while. They found the old recluse in bed, but feeling pretty well for a sick man. The manager asked him how long he had been ill, and learned why he had not paid his usual visit to Bingham. He used the old man's illness as a strong argument to get him to sell his property, but Hubbard told him he never intended to sell it.

"You mean to leave it to some relative, I suppose," said the manager.

"I have none. When I die this property will go to a boy who did me a great favor."

The manager tried to obtain the name and address of the fortunate boy, but the hermit refused to give it.

"You will learn when it comes to him," was all he would say.

The interview was decidedly unsatisfactory to the lumber man, for the property seemed to be further off than ever from the company. Finally he and the superintendent went away, and that afternoon he took the wagon back to town. That evening Joe paid another visit to old Hubbard to see how he was coming on. He found him much better and able to get up for a little while.

"What have you had to eat to-day?" asked the boy.

"Nothing but crackers," said the hermit.

"I'll make you some tea and toast. I've fetched half a loaf of fresh bread from the camp, and some butter," said Joe.

"You have made me feel hungry," said Hubbard.

Joe made the tea and toast, and the old man finished both; after which he said he felt better than ever.

"I'll be able to get about a little to-morrow and can look after myself," he said.

"As to-morrow is Saturday, I won't come again till Sunday morning," said Joe.

"Very well," said the hermit.

After remaining about an hour, Joe went back to the camp. He found Tom waiting for him to turn up.

"Now tell me where you have been off to these two nights," said his friend.

Joe told him how he had accidentally made the acquaintance of the hermit, and what he had done for the old man. He did not tell Tom about the box full of money he had found, nor about the promise given by Hubbard with reference to his property. And so Tom remained in ignorance of his comrade's good fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Figuring On a Speculation in Shingles.

The wagon came into camp next morning, and, as usual, the driver brought a bunch of letters for the men and a bundle of newspapers. The papers were put on sale at the store and Joe got one of them. He retired to a shady spot to read it. The lumber trade was always an important

subject with the papers of the State, and Joe read that owing to the fact that there had been a large demand for lumber that season, the market was short and the price was rising. The lumber companies were taking advantage of the fact, as a matter of course. The paper hinted that shingles and other lumber products would soon follow suit, but at present the demand for the former was not equal to the supply. The article went on to say that owing to the heavy expense the lumber companies were under, and the slow collections that year, they could not afford to restrict their output, which had they been able to do would have resulted in still higher prices. The newspaper story made considerable impression on Joe. It struck him what a fine chance a few men with money or good credit had to create a partial corner in the lumber trade. Later, he broached the subject to one of the clerks. That young man agreed that a person with a big bunch of cash could make a good thing of it, if trade conditions held, by coming to Bingham and contracting for all the lumber and shingles turned out by the mills for a month and holding the stuff back until the price jumped, as it was bound to do, for a very large part of the visible supply in the State came from that town.

"Could a speculator really do that?" asked Joe. "I thought all the lumber was shipped under agreement with the big lumber dealers in the cities."

"It is. The big lumber companies take the output in large shipments on six months' time, and sell to smaller dealers on three and four months' time. The smaller dealers sell to the builders on one, two, three and four months' time, according as those people can raise the funds to pay. A man who pays in thirty days is considered a cash buyer and gets the bed rock prices on all he buys. The man who can't pay under sixty days has to pay a little higher price for his lumber. So with the contracting builders who are compelled to ask for ninety or 120 days—the longer time the more his lumber costs him. So it is with shingles and everything else in the lumber line. You understand?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"As the lumber companies have to wait six months on the average for their cash returns, which involves the larger part of their shipments for a season, they necessarily have to have a good capital to conduct their business. Even at that they are constantly having their notes discounted at their local banks in order to raise money to pay their running expenses. This discount accommodation is a source of great profit to the two banks at Bingham. It represents the main part of their business. Take the lumber business away from the town, and one bank would be amply sufficient to do all the business that would be left. Well, now that you understand the situation, you can see how a capitalist could walk into Bingham and be received with open arms if he said he wanted to buy so many million feet of lumber, or a half million bundles of shingles for spot cash on delivery. He could make a contract at the very lowest wholesale price, for money down talks every time. The companies need it, and are willing to make concessions to get it," said the clerk.

"Why isn't that done, then? Syndicates are formed to buy cargoes of coffee and such things, why not lumber? A dozen millionaires could corner the lumber trade of this State, I should think," said Joe.

"They could, certainly, but as such a gigantic enterprise would, for a certain time, paralyze the lumber business, it would lead to a public investigation, and the combine would find itself in hot water, and have to loosen up."

"I see," said Joe.

"But what a big syndicate could not do on a large scale a small speculator could engage in on a limited basis, because his scheme would have no such effect on the building industry as a whole. For instance, a man could come to Bingham and contract for 500,000 bundles of shingles if he knew that shingles were short in the market, dependent on Bingham for its supply. He could buy on a cash basis of thirty days, and if he was known to be good for the money he would not be expected to pay for thirty days. If he were a stranger, or his credit was not vouched for, if he had say \$15,000 or \$20,000, he could put up as evidence of good faith, his contract would go all right. His order would be filled as fast as possible, and while it was being turned out all ordinary shipments of shingles would necessarily have to cease. If there was a run on the shingle market the price would go up and the contractor would be in a position to ship his shingles at a profitable advance on the old price, or he could hold them back for a still higher figure if he thought he could get it. In the latter case he would be taking a considerable risk, for the moment his order was filled, shipments would begin again, and the famine would be broken. All speculators, however, have to run risks—the word speculation implies it. The man who can see ahead correctly, or is running in luck, is the chap who wins the oftenest."

Joe, when he went to dinner, felt that he had learned something new, and he wondered if he hadn't found a way to employ his \$20,000 capital. As soon as Tom was at liberty, he and Joe started for the hermit's house. Tom was curious to see the old man who owned a valuable tract of timber land, and preferred to live on it all alone by himself to selling it for a good price and enjoying all the comforts that money will purchase these days. They found Hubbard up and around, though he was still weak on his pins. He gave Joe a hearty welcome, and extended the same to his friend. During their stay he said that he intended going to Bingham on the following week if he felt able to make the round trip in comfort, for his groceries and other articles were practically all out, and he must purchase a fresh supply. The only kind of meat he used was smoked ham, he said, as he lived chiefly on the vegetables he raised in his truck patch, of which he always had a plentiful supply, more, in fact, than he could consume. The boys remained a couple of hours and then took their leave. The wagon brought a bunch of newspapers on Wednesday when it arrived, and Joe bought one when he came in with the gang for dinner. After the meal he went to a shady seat and read the news, particularly what was said about lumber conditions. The wholesale prices were the same as those last noted, but the

paper said that the price was certain to go higher within a week or two. Shingles were not as yet affected, but the Bingham News said that several of the mills had stopped making them in order to rush out more lumber, for all the mills were behind in their lumber shipments, owing to the number of orders on their books. This stoppage in the production of shingles was likely to affect the price if a shortage took place in the market, which seemed likely from all indications. That evening Joe went out to see the old man. He carried the paper with him for the hermit's benefit, and indirectly to use as an exhibit in the lumber matter. He told the recluse about the conversation he had had with the clerk on the preceding Sunday morning.

"Now, Mr. Hubbard, I have been figuring on going into a speculation in shingles. That \$20,000 I found ought to put another \$5,000 in my pocket if I work the oracle right. Several of the mills, it is announced, have stopped making shingles to push the making of boards and such stuff. This cuts down the output of shingles at Bingham from a third to a half. Now if I go to Bingham with you, when you make the trip, and make a thirty-day contract with the other mills for all the shingles they can supply me, I will have a corner for that time on the shingle industry of the town, unless the other mills resume making them. I can put up the \$20,000 as security, say \$5,000 with each mill, and then watch the condition of the shingle market. At the end of two weeks there ought to be a rise, certainly at the end of three. Whether there is or not, I must then begin arrangements for disposing of my shingles. I will go on to Portland, Belfast and other centers and offer the shingles in carload lots to the big wholesalers at a shade under the market; and I guess I will have no great trouble in closing out all I have contracted for. If I need more money to see me through, as I may, I will call on my uncle and put the matter up to him, and I guess he'll help me out if he sees I stand to win. What do you think about it?" asked Joe, with sparkling eyes.

"I think it is a great risk for a young fellow like you to undertake," said the old man. "You might lose a considerable part of the \$20,000."

Joe, with boyish enthusiasm, didn't think he would lose anything, even if the scheme was not a financial success.

"If the price did not advance a cent I'd stand to make the difference between what I had contracted to pay for them and the wholesale market price."

"But your plan is to buy the shingles at the lowest cash price, which will mean that payment will be exacted in thirty days from the owners of each lot. I suppose you understand that there are different grades of shingles which fetch different prices, the wholesale prices on which range from say \$3 to \$6.50 per thousand? Do you intend to restrict yourself to one grade, or several?"

"The shingles that sell around \$4 at present builders are in the greatest demand. I should be able to deliver them in Portland for \$3.50 and make a \$1 a thousand. Suppose the price of the shingles advances to \$5? I will make \$2."

"I know, if your plans go through all right."

You could buy about 30,000 bundles with your money, or say 120,000 shingles. It seems to me that wouldn't count a whole lot in the market."

"I expect to buy twice that amount."

"How can you when you propose to pay cash to the mills?"

"Cash is thirty days. I will have thirty days in which to sell half of them, and get the balance of the money to make good."

"That is all right on paper, but you would have to sell for cash to get your money in, and if your collections were slow you'd be in a hole. Besides, how are you going to find enough cash customers? Everybody in the building line buys on time—particularly the large dealers you would expect to sell to, and the larger the dealer the longer the time. Now the only way you can put your speculation through successfully is to be on the safe side yourself. You are in a position to take a fair risk. You have \$20,000 which you can invest in anything, and which you can sell on your own terms without having to worry whether your money returns to you in thirty days or 120, as long as you deal with responsible firms. The banks will enable you to buy your stock at the best rock bottom figures, below the figure that the mills sell the same stuff to the big wholesalers on four or six months' time. Say that you buy 30,000 bundles of shingles and pay for them, you will own them out and out. Then you can go around among the smaller dealers and sell them in lots to suit at a shade below the wholesale price the big dealers charge. That will give you a sort of double profit. If the price should go up you will make so much more. If it should go down you will probably have a margin of profit in sight. So you can win out anyway. Since you are determined to go into the speculation, that's the way I would advise you to tackle it," said the old man.

Joe agreed with him and made his plans accordingly.

CHAPTER XI.—A Winning Speculation.

Joe knew he could not very well get a leave of absence from the camp to carry out his plans, so determined to take French leave. He would sacrifice of what he had earned so far, but that amounted to very little in comparison with what he expected to make out of his contemplated speculation. Besides, being worth \$20,000, he had no other use for the \$4 a week and board that he had pretty good when he was on his uppers. He guessed Tom wouldn't object to quitting the camp on the same terms, either, for though he was getting on pretty well now, having got used to his work, he was not in love with the loggers' life. Joe thought he could use his friend as his assistant in the enterprise, though he could not get in what way Tom would be of use to him. However, he would be company for him if he was going else, and he could afford to pay his expenses for the pleasure of his companionship. At any rate, Tom wouldn't care to remain at the camp after he had gone. On the following evening Joe and Tom walked out of the camp together into the woods, and then Joe laid his plans before

him, after telling Tom about the money he had found.

"Gee! You're a lucky fellow," said Tom. "Why, \$20,000 is a fortune. If I had that much I wouldn't do anything but enjoy myself for the next few years."

"That would be foolish. You'd fritter your capital away instead of putting it to profitable use, as I propose doing. I expect to clean up several thousand dollars in my shingle speculation, and then go into some other money-making enterprise. Now that I have a bunch of money, I think there is little chance of my going into my uncle's bank. I prefer to be my own boss and do business my own way," said Joe.

"So you're going to quit the camp right away?" said Tom.

"I am. Are you coming with me?"

"All right. I'm with you. I don't want to stay here after you are gone."

"I thought you wouldn't care to. Well, let's walk out to the hermit's and see when he's going to start for Bingham."

"There'll be a squeal from the bosses when we start to leave."

"We will not tell them about it. I've arranged with Hubabrd to meet his boat after it has passed the lower boom. Then our departure will not be noticed."

They reached the house in the woods and found Hubbard reading a favorite book. Arrangements were made to leave on the following Thursday. Hubbard said they had better start late at night. At midnight Thursday the boys, who had been laying awake in their bunks, arose, dressed, and taking their grips in their hands, stole downstairs and outside. They went to the storeroom behind the kitchen, where the food in immediate use was kept in an ice-chest and on shelves, and Tom opened the window which he had left unfastened on purpose. Joe boosted his friend in through the window, and waited for him to get what he was after. He passed out two moderate sized loaves of bread and then a small package. They then started for a point a hundred yards above the upper boom. Here they found the old man waiting for them in his sailboat, which had a small cabin like a catboat. No time was wasted getting under way. The boat was worked over the boom and was carried rapidly down to the second, and thence to the third, which was the last until they reached the booms of another lumber company. Here they found the booms full of logs and had to drag the boat across them. However, they passed all obstructions before morning, and soon after sunrise reached the Kennebec, which was navigable at that point for boats of light draught. The brief trip down the river was performed without adventure, and they duly reached Bingham. Joe took his box of money to a local bank and left it there on temporary deposit. He then bought a paper and studied up the lumber market with particular reference to shingles. The price had been slightly advanced to the builders, but was no higher otherwise. The boys recovered their clothes from the pack-trail, paying the interest, and a small extra charge for care. Next day Joe got down to business. He called at a mill that was making shingles and contracted for 6,000 bundles, on a cash basis, delivery within thirty days. He got the best rock

price. He went to each of the other four mills and made a similar contract. The other mills in town had stopped making shingles, filling orders from their reserve stock. Joe found that the five mills had almost enough shingles on hand to fill his orders, and this fact made a difference in his calculations. He called on the hermit, and told him how things were.

"I find that it will not be possible for me to corner the shingle industry in this place for even an hour. The best I can do will be to clean out the reserve stock of the five mills. I can't touch the reserve of the other seven mills, but I have found out that it is low now, and that they will soon run out unless they start in right away to make more. I would need at least \$50,000 to tie up shingles for a week or two."

The old man pondered.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll borrow \$20,000 on my note at one of the banks where I am known, on the security of my land. That will give you a better hold on the shingle business. Contract for a second lot, but buy them on ninety days' time. That will give you some hold, though not exactly a corner on the business. Understand?"

"I do," said Joe.

Next day the old man said he had the money on deposit. He went around with Joe and guaranteed payment on 70,000 bundles of shingles on ninety days' time. That gave Joe the call on 100,000 bundles of shingles, 25,000 of which were ready for delivery, and it would take the five mills a week or more to complete the order. The only free shingles now obtainable in Bingham were those in stock at the other seven mills, which did not total up 15,000 bundles. Joe then called on the freight agent to arrange for cars, and found he would have no trouble in getting all he wanted. Two days afterward there was another rise in the price of the grade of shingles Joe had bought, but Joe's speculation had no connection with it. It was too small a deal to affect the market in general, though it was bound to affect the local markets dependent on Bingham for their supply. But it happened that lumber conditions in general throughout New England at that time favored a rise in all kinds of lumber. The hermit usually only spent two or three days in Bingham, and then returned to the wilderness, but on this occasion he appeared to be in no hurry to go back. One morning he brought Joe a document he had executed. It transferred all his right and title in the property he owned to Joe's uncle in trust for himself. Joe took the paper, thanked him, and said no use would be made of it as long as he, Hubbard, lived, unless with his con-

sent. Orders for a large quantity of shingles was sent in to the mills at this time, for immediate delivery, but the mills could not fill the orders right away. They were tied up by Joe's big order. The price of shingles in all the small places between Bingham and Portland were considerably affected by the conditions at Bingham, and the price jumped up \$1. Then Joe began to arrange for selling his accumulating stock.

He sent Tom in one direction while he went in another, and offered shingles at a certain reduction from the market rate. They dealt only with small concerns who were good, and by the time the mills had finished their order, old Hubbard who was acting as his agent in Bingham, was shipping the shingles in carload lots daily. In this way Joe got rid of 50,000 bundles. He still had another 50,000 to sell, and he went to Portland, Belfast and other large places and offered his shingles at a discount below what the big wholesaler, who stood by the market, wanted. He found no difficulty in finding customers on a sixty-day basis. Six weeks from the time he started his speculation he had sold his last carload of shingles, and had realized a profit of 25 cents on each bundle, after deducting storage charges at Bingham, freight charges, which he stood for, and other expenses connected with the speculation, which included wages to Tom, his traveling expenses and many other items. During all this time old Hubbard remained at Bingham, and back there Joe and Tom went. The sixty-day time clause in the sales would enable him to settle with the mills on the ninety-day purchase of the 70,000 bundles, and release \$20,000 of the old man's money. He would then get back his own investment of \$20,000 and a profit of \$25,000 more. When everything had been cleaned up but the collections, the old man said he was going back to his house, but would come back in thirty days to get his money and pay his note held by the bank.

"Tom has written his folks and I have communicated with my uncle," said Joe. "I sent him that paper and I have his reply. Read it. You will see how amazed he is at my good fortune."

Tom received orders from his step-father to come home at once. He reluctantly departed saying he hoped to come back. He didn't come for he was sent back to the Rockdale Institute where he told the boys the astonishing story of his and Joe's experiences from the moment they ran away from the school. At the end of the thirty days Joe made his collections, settled with the old hermit, spent a week with him, and then started for Clearhaven to see his uncle.

Next week's issue will contain "A BOY'S BIG DEAL; or, THE WALL STREET TIP THAT WON."

CURRENT NEWS

WHERE DOGS ARE FREE

In Venice a dog can go anywhere with his master, even to the hotel table, where, if he is paid for at the same rate as his master, he may take his food. If he accompanies the boss on one of the noisy steamers that destroy the poetry of the Grand Canal he must be paid for exactly as if he were a human being.

All over the Continent of Europe the rights of people with dogs are recognized—at a price. One can take a dog into any compartment of a train, including the wagon, but first it is necessary to buy a third-class ticket for him. In Italy he travels a little more cheaply. There when one is getting his baggage weighed (and paying for the billet) one buys another for the dog, which costs one-half of third-class rate. Provided with this ticket the dog is admitted to wherever his master goes.

ARIZONA BOYS WIN PRIZES KILLING 36,000 GOPHERS

A contest in which 1,135 boys of Maricopa County, Ariz., participated recently resulted in the killing of more than 36,000 pocket gophers. The contest was conducted by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, the University of Arizona co-operating. The interest and co-operation of the business men of the valley added greatly to the success of the campaign.

Each boy was given a trap and instructed as to the most effective way of catching the destructive pocket gopher. The total cost of this huge catch was \$178, or about half a cent per gopher.

Under the old bounty system these rodents would have cost the county \$1,800 at 5 cents each. In addition it is estimated that 36,000 pocket gophers would have damaged fruit trees, ditches and fields to the extent of at least \$10,000 a year, if they had not been killed.

MAN STARVES TO DEATH; \$37,000 IN HIS POCKET

The mysterious J. H. Smith, who starved to death at West Palm Beach with \$37,000 in cash in his pockets, actually was Judson Howard Smith, who owned realty in Los Angeles and a ranch of several hundred acres at Falls City, Neb.

A letter in his meager effects bore the name of A. D. Newkirk, who when informed of the death telegraphed that Smith was his brother-in-law and directed that the body be sent to Falls City.

Smith was a familiar figure on West Palm Beach's main street for years. He never wore a hat, never shaved, always carried an umbrella and dressed in a Palm Beach suit. He seldom responded when addressed and never began a conversation.

Such food as he ate, usually peanuts, popcorn and bananas, was eaten out of a paper sack as he stood on the street bareheaded and with the umbrella on his arm.

When he was sent to a hospital after remaining in his room at a cheap lodging house for three days he repulsed food and nourishment was given him hypodermically. He died of starvation, without explaining his antipathy to food.

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A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I.

Our Hero Misses a Chance to Improve His Condition.

"Say, Harry!"

"What is it, Slats?"

"Got any *Telegrams* t' spare?"

"Plenty, and I'm short of *Worlds*."

"And I've got too many, so I'll swap 'em off wit' yer."

"All right," said Harry Hale, and standing in the bright glare of the big electric lights in front of the Brooklyn Bridge the exchange was made.

"How are dey comin', Harry?" asked Slats, the remarkably thin newsboy who was not known by any other name than the one which his fellow-workers had bestowed on him.

"Rather slow," responded Harry. "If I sell out clean I'll only have sixty-eight cents for the day."

"Dat's no fortin'," sagely remarked Slats, who was fourteen, but wise with the wisdom of the streets, and away he went to serve a regular customer who had halted at the entrance of the bridge.

Harry Hale was sixteen.

He was not very tall, not even above the average height for his age, but he was unusually broad for his years, and he had made himself that way by his constant efforts to improve his physical condition. Every spare hour went in the improvement of mind and body, and his correct language told that his efforts in that direction had not been without result, while his broad and powerful frame as clearly indicated that his athletic exercises had given him muscles that many a grown man might have envied.

Up to the age of ten he had been a happy, careless boy, with a good home, plenty of good clothing, and plenty to eat.

His father had been a successful business man, making a good income, and as Harry was an only child he fared splendidly at the hands of his loving parents, but an unfortunate accident had crippled Mr. Hale and compelled him to hand over his business to the care of his employees, while he sought by various operations to recover his usefulness.

While the money was going out on the one hand for surgical treatment at the hands of high-priced specialists who accomplished no good for the sufferer, the business was being plundered on the other hand by dishonest employees, and when Mr. Hale finally died under the effects of an operation, his widow, a woman of refinement, found herself penniless in the world. She was compelled to move from her comfortable home on the west side to miserable apartments on the east side, and it was a question how long she could ever stay there until Harry, ten years of age,

took up his burden like a man, and started out to help support the house.

He could not go to work for anybody, at his age, for the law forbade that, but he could work for himself and he did. With a few cents as a starter he bought his first bundle of papers, and became a newsboy.

Of course he had to fight in order to stand anywhere on the street where it was worth while to stand, and fight he did. He always had a sturdy body, and he was brimful of pluck, and when other boys tried to run him away from where he was making a slender living he would think of the sweet mother at home who was waiting for his slender earnings to add to the hard gained pennies she made at the poorest kind of sewing, and he would batter left and right with his fists, determined that they should not frighten him off, and so bravely did he battle that after a time the other boys learned to respect him and permitted him to earn a meagre living in peace. But Harry knew that in time bigger boys than he would try to drive him away from any spot that paid, and longingly he would stand before windows where athletic goods were sold, and wish that he might own a rowing-machine, horizontal bars, flying rings, and all those different things that help to develop muscle, but as he couldn't afford the money for them he did the next best thing, and that was to turn everything in his home to account in the way of athletic exercise, and there is no doubt but that leaping over the kitchen table and pulling himself up to the top of the door time after time, had hardened his muscles as effectually as the most expensive outfit could have done. Certain it was that he was an unusually powerful boy for his age.

After his father's death his education had been taken in hand by his mother, and Harry had added to this source of learning by taking books from the public library. His pleasures were very few, for he and his mother had a hard struggle to live respectably, and they could not live any other way.

It was early evening midwinter, and bitter cold. Harry shivered in his short coat, and wished as he jumped up and down to keep himself warm, that he could afford to buy an overcoat.

At length he sold out his papers, and blowing on his reddened hands to warm them, he started off for home. He had gone about a block from Park Row when he heard his name called.

"Good-evening, Bates," he said, addressing the keeper of a small stand outside a restaurant, a young man for whom he had done some errands, and who had always appeared friendly to him.

"Good-evening, Harry," returned Bates. "I stopped you because I wanted to give you a chance in the world. Want to buy me out?"

Harry smiled.

"I'm not joking," said Bates. "It's this way. I've got to leave in a few days for California where my folks have secured a good job for me, and I must sell out promptly. I've got a stand on this stand for five years, and the business is a steady one. You could do just as well here as I have."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

SIX GUESTS AT MASONIC DINNER AVERAGE 338 POUNDS

A ton of humanity divided among six widely known members of the Masonic fraternity attended a dinner in Allentown, Pa., in honor of George Eisenbrown of Reading, potentate of Rajah Temple, Mystic Shrine.

The fat guests were Potentate Eisenbrown and his son, Fred Eisenbrown; John T. Kramer of Allentown, Edward Moore of Reading, Thomas Snyder of Palm and John Sefing of Allentown. Their aggregate weight is 2,032 pounds, each man averaging more than 338 pounds.

INDIAN TEMPERANCE

The Volstead urge has hit the Sioux Nation. At least, it has hit the old braves, who have come to the conclusion something must be done to keep the younger ones sober.

Therefore, the Sioux Indians stationed on the Fort Totten reservation near Devils Lake, N. D., have organized the Indian temperance society, whose purpose it is to induce the younger Indians and those older ones who still think they need "fire water" to get on the Volstead wagon.

The first act of the temperance society was to call upon Police Chief Peter Timboe of Devils Lake and ask his co-operation. A number of younger Sioux braves, when they drive into Devil Lake, have been in the habit of buying lemon and vanilla extract, canned meat and other things containing alcohol.

The Indians requested the police chief to use his influence to prevent the various merchants or others in the city selling extract or canned meat to the Indians, and they offered to enlist themselves as special officers to arrest the young Indians for intoxication.

MUD ON MINE FIRES

Fighting fire in mines is a slow, tedious job and since the dawn of mining has been considered almost a hopeless undertaking. Rich mines in many parts of the world have been burning for generations. Underground fires no longer are considered unquenchable. In the Butte district, Mont., a process of fire fighting has been developed by a mining company which is salvaging an ore body of tremendous extent. Fires that have been burning for fifteen years in three connecting mines are being smothered under 1,000,000 tons of mud.

At the end of 1922 2,000,000 tons of metalliferous ore, containing, according to expert estimates, at least 80,000 tons of copper, once more will be accessible.

Sand, decomposed rock and other materials which came originally from the stopes and were discarded as tailings in the process of copper extraction, simply have been turned back into the fire area. Water, which in many cases has proved useless as an extinguisher of underground fires, is used for transportation. It conveys the

tailings down to the fire regions, 1,200 to 2,200 feet underground, where the soup-like slime fills the abandoned drifts, cross-cuts and stopes and literally smothers the fire.

OLD BASEBALL SALARIES

Baseball managers and players of a quarter of a century ago received salaries that appear ridiculous as compared with the fabulous sums which those of to-day are said to receive, according to information brought to light by a Chicago sporting writer. "Cap" Adrian Anson is said to have received the princely sum of \$2,700 for managing the Chicago White Stockings in 1888, the year after he had finished the season with a batting average of .421. And of this amount \$700 represented his services as acting captain and manager of the team, the major portion being his salary as a player. R. E. Smith, of Chicago, claims to possess the contract. Smith also has the contracts signed by N. Fred Pfeiffer and Edward N. Williamson when they consented to play in the Brotherhood League in 1889. These two players were talked of at that time as the greatest in the game. The Chicago club paid Williamson \$3,000, while Pfeiffer, one of the greatest of all second basemen, received only \$2,000 and the score-card privilege.

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THE SILVER KEY

By KIT CLYDE

"Yes, we employ female detectives," said a detective friend of mine, the manager of an agency, which has done remarkably skillful professional work.

"Female detective are often of the greatest service to us; and if you will wait here for a few minutes, I will introduce you to one of the most expert ladies in the detective business," he added.

Half an hour elapsed, and then the detective bowed his visitor out of the office, and almost immediately a petite, sprightly little lady, elegantly attired in the height of fashion, and a pronounced brunette, entered the office.

She was very pretty, and her manner was that of a refined lady.

My friend introduced me, and we chatted pleasantly, and I at once discovered that the lady detective was vivacious and witty and an exceedingly entertaining conversationalist.

"Tell him the story of the case you worked up single-handed and alone—tell him the story of 'The Silver Key,'" said my friend, the veteran detective.

"Shall I?"

"By all means."

"Then the story of 'The Silver Key' it shall be."

For a moment she was silent, collecting her thoughts, I suppose, and then she began:

"It was one night in the spring of 1881, and I was at the Union Depot, in Chicago, waiting the arrival of the midnight train from the East. Some business, not connected with the occurrences which I am about to relate, called me there. There were not many people at the depot at that hour, but as I stood in the main entrance on Canal street, I saw a covered carriage drive up, and a handsome young gentleman and a beautiful young lady alighted.

As they passed under the gas light of the main entrance to the depot, I had an excellent view of the young couple.

They were very much alike, so much so in fact that the resemblance almost assured me that they were near relatives.

Both were elegantly attired—they were indeed wearers of the "purple and fine linen," and the coachman upon the box of the carriage, from which they had alighted, wore a handsome private livery.

I entered the depot and took a seat near them. Then, from their conversation, which was carried on in a tone of voice sufficiently loud for me to hear all they said, whether I cared to do so or not, I gathered that they were brother and sister, and that they had come to meet their father, who had but recently landed in New York upon his return from Europe, and whom they expected to arrive in Chicago by the midnight train.

I was not interested in their conversation. A few moments went by, and the shrill whistle of the expected train sounded in the distance.

Directly the glaring eye of flame formed by the vividly reflected light of the circular headlight

flashed in the distance, and with a shriek of the whistle, a ringing of the bell, and a buzz and whirr of wheels, accompanied by a roar of escaping steam, the iron horse dashed up to the depot and the train from the East had arrived.

The crowd surged out of the coaches, and all was stir and bustle, noise and confusion, while the hackmen shouted themselves hoarse, and the passengers jostled each other as they hurried along the thronged platform.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a small thick mustache, stumbled against me, and without a word of apology dashed away and was lost in the surging crowd.

As this man passed me something fell from his pocket, and stooping to pick it up, I discovered that it was a silver key.

As I stood examining it—for it was too late to think of overtaking the rude stranger who had dropped it—someone touched me on the arm, and turning quickly I found myself face to face with the young gentleman whom I had seen arrive with the young lady in the carriage with the liveried coachman.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the young gentleman, politely, and in a quick, well-intonated voice which plainly told that he was a gentleman he added:

"Will you tell me, please, how you came by that key?"

"Certainly, sir; I just picked it up from the platform floor. A young man, who was immediately thereafter lost in the crowd, lost it."

"That key is the property of my father," said the young man, with his eyes fixed upon it.

"Your father?" I said in surprise.

"Yes; and if you will examine the key you will find my father's name—the name of James Travers—stamped upon it," the young man said.

I did examine the silver key which had accidentally fallen into my possession, and I found, as the young man stated, that it was indeed stamped with the name James Travers. I looked at him questioningly.

"Step this way, miss, and I will explain to you why the finding of that key is to me an occurrence of importance."

I followed him into the depot.

He introduced me to the young lady.

She proved to be his sister, as I had presumed.

"I expected my father to arrive from New York on the train which has just come in, but he has not come, although he telegraphed me from New York to meet the twelve train to-night. Now the finding of the key which you picked up, and which locks a small valise in which my father carries valuables, has awakened a suspicion coupled with the fact of his non-arrival—that some harm has befallen him," said the young gentleman, whose name was Edwin Travers.

His sister echoed her brother's fears.

"Oh, brother, the man who lost papa's silver key may have murdered our father," she cried with tears in her eyes.

I scented a case.

"You a detective!" exclaimed Miss Travers, regarding me as though I were a *rara avis* in museum.

"I am glad to meet you," said Mr. Travers, "and you can be of the greatest service to me."

Perhaps, if anything has happened to my father. Will you aid me?"

"Assuredly I will."

"Good!"

"The first thing to do, Mr. Travers, is to telegraph to your father's New York address, and find out whether he really left that city or not as he intended to," I said.

"I'll do it," he replied.

He ran to the telegraph office in the depot, and sent the dispatch.

"As soon as you receive an answer to your telegram, call and let me know," said I, giving him my card.

Very well, the next morning, just as I had come from breakfast, Mr. Travers called.

"Have you heard from your father?" I asked.

"Here is his answer to my telegram," was Mr. Travers's answer, and he handed it to me.

"Edwin Travers, Chicago, Ill.—I am safe, but my small valise, in which the silver key belongs, and containing \$40,000 in government bonds, securities, notes and money, has been stolen; and I remain in New York to try to find it by detective aid."

JAMES TRAVERS.

"The man who dropped the silver key is the thief," I exclaimed.

"I presume so," answered Edwin Travers.

Mr. Travers left, and I began my work.

I first inserted the following, under the head of "Lost and Found," in *The News*.

"Found, a silver key, in the Union Depot, Monday evening, May 3d. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this 'ad.' Call at 104 State and C—, in Tony Washington's barber-shop."

TONY WASHINGTON.

Tony was a colored barber, and secretly he often did a little detective work for us among the colored crooks in "Ethiopia," as Third avenue is called.

That same day a well-dressed colored man—a real African dude of the most utter sort—called at Tony's and stated that the lady who had lost the silver key, which he accurately described, had sent him for it.

I was concealed in a closet and heard all that went on. Tony told him to call in the evening. I determined to black myself up.

That evening, sure enough, the darky called, accompanied by a small, fashionably-dressed lady, who was as dark as I am.

"I understand that you found the silver key belonging to my husband, which I dropped in the depot," she said to Tony.

Then she minutely described it.

"Sorry I forgot the key again, but I'll write a note, and your man here can run and board a car and get it in a few minutes," said Tony.

He wrote a note and handed it to the lady, who gave it to the colored dude and told him to make haste to bring the key.

As soon as he was out of the shop Tony gave a signal and I appeared before the lady.

"You are my prisoner!" I cried, and before she recovered from the surprise we had handcuffed her.

We slipped a gag in her mouth, and when the darky returned with the key which Tony had

really left at home according to my directions, I sat in the shop, my veil down, and the darky never seemed to suspect that I was not the lady he had left there.

I took the key, paid Tony, and we left the shop.

Scarcely a word was exchanged as I followed my leader to Michigan avenue, and when we paused before an elegant mansion, he said in a voice which was that of a white man:

"Well, we have the key all right, Ada; now I'll get the black off and meet you in the garden in a few moments, if you will wait for me there."

A basket of flowers sat on the bench, and a few moments later, as the man who had personated a negro returned, with his face white, I arose with the basket in my hand to meet him, but I kept my face partially turned away so that he could not get a square view of it.

Instantly I recognized him as the man who had lost the key in the depot.

We went into the house, and he led me into a room where a large trunk stood, and left me.

No sooner was he gone than I pulled out a bunch of false keys and opened the big trunk, which was full of plunder; and on top of all was the valise which had been stolen from Mr. Travers, and which—though I omitted to say so—Edwin had described to me so that I could recognize it at once.

At that moment I heard footsteps, and closing and locking the trunk, I sprang to the door just as the woman I had left a prisoner and the man whom I had deceived entered.

They rushed at me, and before I could get out my revolver I was overpowered, and they bound and gagged me.

"When night comes we'll drop her in the river, and her death will be a mystery."

"But first I must take that trunk to the depot, Ada. You keep an eye on the door of this room until I return," said the man, and they went out and locked the door of the room in which the large trunk stood.

I had a knife ring on my finger.

I managed to work the spring and get the blade out, and in a trice I was free. I then tried the door of the room in which the trunk stood, but it was locked.

Then an idea occurred to me, and opening the big trunk I noiselessly placed all its contents, except the valise, in the closet, and closed the door; then I took my place in the trunk and let the lid fall, the spring lock snapped, and it was secured.

A moment later the tall, broad-shouldered crook and an expressman came up and carried the trunk into the street, placed it in a wagon and drove to the depot.

They deposited the trunk and left, having checked it to St. Louis; but as soon as they were gone I made my presence known, and the baggagemen forced the lock and let me out.

I was nearly suffocated and badly bruised and shaken up, but as soon as I got out of the trunk I started with a couple of policemen for the house to which I had tracked the man who lost the silver key.

We overtook him at the gate and arrested him.

The woman, his accomplice, was also arrested in the house, and they eventually confessed that they had stolen the valise in New York.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FIND A PREHISTORIC CITY

A prehistoric city at the foot of a volcano was discovered recently by explorers of the National Museum of Mexico.

Half of the buried city is surrounded by a stone wall eight to twenty feet wide at the top and containing twenty-eight pyramids about 100 feet above the debris of centuries covering them. The ruins apparently are of as great a city as the famous Tectihuacan, a show place of Mexico.

CIRCLING THE GLOBE IN A SAILBOAT

Four Austrian sportsmen plan to sail around the earth in a boat of 12 tons displacement, 46 feet long. The vessel will be provided with a small six-horsepower motor for use in emergency. Two Americans have already accomplished this feat—Captain Slocum, in a voyage lasting from 1895 to 1898, and Captain Flemingday, from 1912 to 1914. In a third attempt, by two British officers in 1913, the men lost their lives between New York and England.

DOG AND SNAKE IN BATTLE

Workmen on a State road job at Chillisqua-que, ten miles west of Sanbury, Pa., interrupted a battle between a big collie dog and a vicious rattlesnake. They were attracted by the ominous whirring of the rattlesnake and saw the dog with its tail still and crouching as though to spring. Twice the snake struck, but missed, the dog evading its fangs with lightning-like jumps. When the party approached the snake turned on the men, who killed it after a battle. The reptile measured four feet two inches long, and had 19 rattles and a button.

FOX PUPS REARED BY RANCHER'S CAT

For pups have been reared by mother dogs, it is said, but it has remained for a Maine silver fox ranchman, Frank A. Harvey, to bring up a litter of fox pups with a cat foster-mother.

Pussy still wanders interestedly about the big fox runs where the last season's pups have grown to her own size, and would still fondle them if she could. But Mr. Harvey believes that they

would make a meal of her to-day if they could reach her.

"I wanted to see how far I could go in semi-domesticating these foxes," he said. "Every one knows how wary the fox is. Frightened by dogs, or guns, or strangers, and unable to bury or hide the newly-born pups, the mother may kill them by just carrying them around in her fear. So I have been trying to overcome the fox's fear of man and animals.

"I felt that if I could raise a litter of the fox pups on a mother cat they would become accustomed to our handling them, fondling them, talking to them, accustomed to strangers and the barking of dogs, and learn their protection from all harm while in our care."

"We had our difficulties. We had to give over the whole lower floor of our home to the experiment, but it was worth while for once, although I am afraid the trouble would deter us again."

"The pups responded to the treatment and show confidence and playfulness with me and no fear of visitors, passing dogs or the occasional hunter and his gun in the woods near by."

LAUGHS

"Ever speculate in corn?" "Just once. Never again. Got my wife by finding a red ear at a husking bee!"

"How old is your little brother?" inquired Willie. "He's a year old," replied Tommy. "Hub! I've got a dog a year old, and he can walk twice as well as your brother." "That's nothing. Your dog's got twice as many legs."

First Tramp—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true. Second Tramp—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long trousers. Now, I guess I wear them longer than almost anybody in the country.

"Son, why don't you play circus? It's great fun. First you make a sawdust ring." "Where'll I get any sawdust, dad?" "Here's the saw. Just saw some of that cordwood into stove lengths. You can have all the sawdust you make."

"My father and I know everything in the world," boasted a small boy to his brother. "All right," answered the latter. "What's Aia?" Then the first speaker proved himself true if battling diplomat. "That is one of the questions that my father knows."

Finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," a facetious doctor asked: "When Shakespeare wrote about 'Patience on a Monument' did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," said the lady, "you find them under monuments, not on them."

"What sort of a tablet shall we erect over your grave when you are gone?" they asked of the man who had long suffered. "Well," said the cheerful victim of stomach trouble, "I think a dyspepsia tablet would be as appropriate as any."

GOOD READING

WRANGELL ISLAND REACHED

The vanguard of the Stefansson expedition, consisting of four whites and four Eskimos with Commander Crawford as leader, reached Wrangell Island late last summer, with conditions very favorable. Plenty of drift-wood was found with which to build shelters and maintain fires, assuring comfort for the winter which the party intends to spend on the island. Wrangell is a popular resort for polar bears, and sufficient animal food seems assured. Stefansson will join the party later and expects to spend several years in the Arctic, mapping the undefined boundaries of Wrangell Island and collecting other geographic and geologic data.

GOLD LOST IN MAIL IS SOON RECOVERED

The story of how two \$20 and one \$5 gold piece enclosed in a pasteboard coin-holder were sent through the mail in a two-cent stamped letter, lost on the way and subsequently recovered has been disclosed at the Post-office Department.

Recently a prominent business man of Washington, D.-C., whose wife is spending the summer in Maine, wrote her a letter placing the \$25 gold inside of it without registering the communication. The letter reached his wife safely with the coin-holder intact in the envelope and the natural assumption was that the money had been stolen.

A complaint was made to Postmaster Chance at the Washington post-office and an investigation followed although little hope of recovering the money was entertained. Inquiries were made along the route which the letter took in being dispatched to its destination in Maine with the result that in a few days a reply was received from the postmaster at Boston to the effect that two different railway mail clerks operating on trains between New York and Boston had located the money and had turned it over to the Boston post-office.

One clerk had found one of the \$20 gold pieces and the \$5 gold piece while the other clerk had found the remaining \$20 gold piece, the coins on account of their weight having worked out of the envelope in the course of handling. The money was promptly delivered to the wife of the Washington business man in Maine.

"This incident," said Postmaster General Work in commenting on the report of the recovery, "reflects generally the sterling integrity of the postal service."

A DIAMOND RUSH NEAR KIMBERLEY

A few days ago it was wild and rocky veld and only the slinking jackal could be seen. A man prospecting had stumbled across some diamonds and in a night the wilderness was covered by a medley of tents and tin shanties, dining rooms, stores, billiard saloons and merry-go-round blaring forth noisily. This was

Mosesberg, which the South African Government had made a proclaimed area and decided that claims were to be pegged out in the old-fashioned style of a rush.

Mosesberg is sixty miles from Kimberley. On the day announced for the rush motor cars, ox wagons, donkey wagons and a miscellaneous collection of mining gear had assembled there. The crowd of men included the old hardened digger clad in corduroys and chewing steadily, and a sprinkling of youths, keen-eyed and prepared to race in khaki shirt and shorts. They were men of all nationalities, English, Dutch, Jew and a sprinkling of Kaffirs, all grasping their pegs, on which the owners' names were painted in bright colors.

The rush was to take place at 11 o'clock. As the hour drew near the men toed the line between two white flags. For a distance of four miles the rush extended. At five minutes to 11 the Inspector of claims mounted a rough box and a big Union Jack was held up beside him. He began reading a proclamation, while the diggers spat on their hands, grasped their pegs tightly and lowered their bodies for the start.

With a sudden flutter the Union Jack was lowered. A yell of excitement went up from over a thousand voices. The men plunged forward, running in all directions up the slope of the kopjes facing them. It seemed like the rout of some rabble army. Gradually, however, the fast moving mass came to a standstill as groups began to peg out claims. Mounted police were everywhere, giving instructions and advice to those participating in the rush.

Among those who rushed were a number of fast runners, several professional athletes being specially engaged for the purpose. Within a few moments the valley and kopjes were dotted with claimants. Many had chosen the same spot, especially those who had made a close study of the ground beforehand. In many cases the mounted police had to intervene or else a claims official was called in to settle the dispute. "The claim is yours," he would say curtly, and there the matter would end. His justice was of the rough and ready fashion well known and respected on the diamond fields. Once established some of the diggers were not long in getting pick and shovel to work. One digger had hardly pegged out his spot when he had about ten Kaffir boys digging it.

The Mosesberg rush will long be remembered, first because it was probably the biggest rush in the history of the diamond field, and, second, because there was a total absence of casualties. A Kimberley chemist with an eye to business was on the scene with bandages and lint, and as there was no call for his services he also participated in the rush. After the rush was over it was seen that there was still plenty of ground available for some thousands of diggers, good ground on higher reaches of the hillsides where the alluvial deposits are probably far better, richer and more accessible than those scattered below. No doubt this will soon be taken up, as after seven days each digger is permitted to peg five extra claims.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

PAGAN RITES

Probably the strangest burial service ever performed in this part of the country took place here when Tom Miller Costello, two-months-old son of Indian parents, was buried in the Winchester Cemetery, Winchester, Ky.

The body was brought here from Clay City, Ky., where the parents had been showing with a carnival company. The ceremony was performed by the great-great-grandfather of the child. Grape juice and some other liquid played an important part in the burial rites, which were accompanied by incantations that made the white man's graveyard sound like the Western plains.

Each of the Indians who assisted at the ceremony placed a number of pieces of small change in the coffin, after which the clothing and toys of the baby also were deposited beside the body to accompany it to the happy hunting ground.

"FINDS" WIFE'S JEWELRY AND GIVES TO POLICE

Robert Herman, a cotton planter of Greenwood, Miss., found a small chamois bag under his bathrobe after he had finished his morning swim at Asbury Park. Opening it, he discovered a brooch containing thirty diamonds, and a diamond lavalliere. He turned the jewelry over to Patrolman James Woodward, and went home to his cottage at 303 Brinley avenue.

There he told Mrs. Herman what had happened. She almost fainted, but then she reminded him that the bathrobe he had was hers, that the diamonds were hers and that furthermore he had given them to her for a birthday present. She took her husband to police headquarters, and after she had identified the jewelry and proven ownership they were turned over to her. The jewels are valued at about \$8,000.

TYPHOON IN CHINA KILLS 5,000 NATIVES

Telegraph lines between Hong Kong and Swatow are down, but details of the disaster at that port, due to a typhoon, were received at Hong Kong Aug. 5 by steamer.

The storm broke at 10:30 o'clock at night, and gathered force until daybreak, when it subsided, leaving death and destruction in the city and harbor.

The death list is placed at 5,000.

Hundreds of native craft along the waterfront were wrecked and their occupants drowned, while practically every house ashore felt the effects of the wind.

Several godowns, or warehouses, were badly damaged and their stock of merchandise ruined. Trees were torn up by the roots, telegraph poles snapped off, roofs carried away and houses laid flat.

Coasting steamers dragged their anchors, some of them over distances of two miles, and were pitched on land.

The water in the harbor rose rapidly until it was several feet deep in the shore line warehouses.

TELLS HOW TO CARE FOR YOUNG TREES

For years the Brooklyn Park Department has planted trees on city streets for property owners on receipt of nominal fees. At present there are more than 10,000 of these young trees set out in the borough.

Commissioner Harman, referring to the matter of caring for young trees, said:

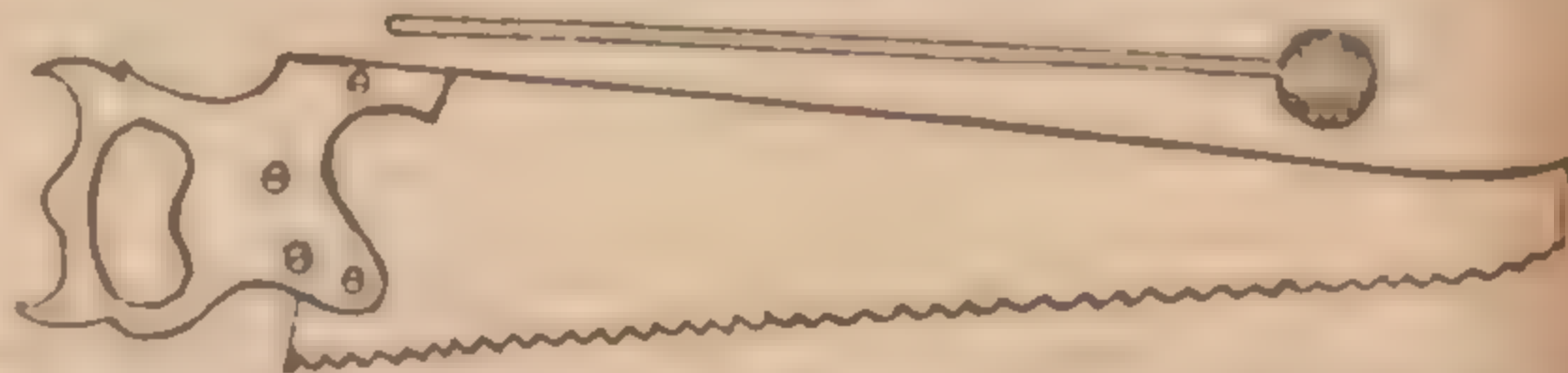
"Unfortunately, we have not been able to give the trees the after attention they should have for their best development, owing to the small force employed on tree work, and in many cases the trees suffer from drought and lack of cultivation.

"A young tree should be watered once a week during the spring and summer if the weather is dry. Five or six pailsful (fifteen or twenty gallons) should be given at a time. This will moisten the ground thoroughly down to the roots. Watering every day is unnecessary and sometimes injurious.

"The soil should be dug lightly so as to break up the hard surface crust to a depth of not more than two or three inches, in order to conserve moisture, permit aeration and allow the rain to enter. As a rule trees should be cultivated about once a week or oftener where the soil is being constantly trampled on.

"A young tree can be thoroughly cultivated in above five minutes. The work is an advantageous exercise, especially for those who are confined in stores and offices during the day, as it will bring many unused muscles into play. If tried as an appetizer before breakfast or supper it aids your health, helps the tree and also instills a better appreciation of it."

Commissioner Harman said he will gladly furnish any further advice regarding the matter and asked for the co-operation of all tree lovers.

Greatest Novelty of the Age
Musical Handsaw

If you can carry a tune in your head, you can play this instrument, and secure a job on the street at a good salary. No musical education necessary. Struck with a specially made mallet the perfectly tempered saw produces loud, clear, rich tones like a 'cello. The same effect may be had by using a violin bow on the edge. Any tune can be played by the wonderful vibrations of the saw. It requires two weeks' practice to make you an expert. When not playing you can work with the saw. It is a useful tool as well as a fine instrument.

Price of Saw, Mallet and Instructions..... \$5

HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4493 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- ☐ **ELEC. ENGINEER**
- ☐ Electric Lighting & Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ **MECHANICAL ENGINEER**
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine-Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ **CIVIL ENGINEER**
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ **MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R**
- ☐ **STATIONARY ENGINEER**
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ **ARCHITECT**
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ **PLUMBING & HEATING**
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ **CHEMIST**
- ☐ Pharmacy

- ☐ **BUSINESS MANAGEM'T**
- ☐ **SALESMANSHIP**
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- ☐ Airplane Engines

Name.....
Street.....
and No.
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

WANTED- for murder!



\$1,000 Reward

In a dirty, forlorn shack by the river's edge they found the mutilated body of Genevieve Martin. Her pretty face was swollen and distorted. Marks on the slender throat showed that the girl had been brutally choked to death. Who had committed this ghastly crime? No one had seen the girl and her assailant enter the cottage. No one had seen the murderer depart. How could he be brought to justice?

Crimes like this have been solved—are being solved every day by Finger Print Experts. Every day we read in the papers of their exploits, hear of the mysteries they solve, the criminals they identify, the rewards they win. Finger Print Experts are always in the thick of the excitement, the heroes of the hour.

Not Experienced Detectives Just Ordinary men

Within the past few years, scores of men, men with no police experience, men with just ordinary grade school educations, have become Finger Print Experts. You can become a Finger Print Expert, too. Can you imagine a more fascinating line of work than this? More trained men are needed. Here is a real opportunity for you.

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OWNS MOST VALUABLE PECAN TREE

What is said to be the most valuable pecan tree in the United States is situated near Concrete, Tex. It is owned by A. B. Roth, a farmer, who was offered and refused \$1,000 for the tree as it stands. From the nuts of this tree Roth is planting a 100-acre pecan tree orchard. The trees are being planted in squares sixty feet apart. The nuts of the remarkable tree are large and of the soft-shell variety.

When the little pecan trees are two years old they will be budded with buds from the parent tree, which will assure their bearing true to the original stock.

Roth, from a few trees on his place, sold over \$2,000 worth of nuts last year. As there will be 1,600 trees on the 1000 acres, and buds from only the best tree will be used, it should produce a fortune in ten years, according to pecan growing authorities.

Because of the deep rooting system of the pecan, the general farm work will not be interfered with, and the trees will not interrupt the growing of crops on the land, cultivation of which will force growth upon the trees, it is explained.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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